THE FAVORITE

VOL. I.—No. 22. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873. PRICE { FIVE CENTS, OR SIX CENTS, U.S. CY.

POOR AND RICH.

In a shattered old garret scarce roofed from the sky,
Near a window that shakes as the wind hurries by,
Without curtain to hinder the golden sunshine,
Which reminds me of riches that never were mine—
I recline on a chair that is broken and old,
And enwrap my chill'd limbs—now so aged and cold,
'Neath the shabby old coat; with the buttons all torn,
While I think of my youth that Time's footprints have worn,
And the dreams and the hopes that are dead with the dead.

But the cracked plastered walls are emblazoned and bright
With the dear, blessed beams of the day's welcome light.
My old coat's a king's robe, my old chair a throne,
And my thoughts are my courtiers that no king could own;
For the truths that they tell as they whisper to me,
Are the echoes of pleasure that once used to be,
The glad throbbing of hearts that have now ceased to feel,
And the treasures of passions that time cannot steal;
So, although I know well that my life is near spent,
Though I'll die without sorrow, I live with content.

Though my children's soft voices no music now lend;
Without wife's sweet embraces, or glance of a friend;
Yet my soul sees them still as it peoples the air
With the spirits that crowd round my old broken chair.
If no wealth I have hoarded to trouble mine ease,
I admit that I doted on gems rich as these;
And when death snatched the casket that held each fair prize,
It flew to my heart where it happily lies;
So, 'tis there that the utt'rings of love now are said
By those dear ones, whom all but myself fancy dead.

So, though fetid the air of my poor room may be,
It has still all the odors of Eden for me,
For my Eve wanders here, and my cherubs here sing,
As though tempting my spirit like theirs to take wing,
Though my pillow be hard, where so well could I rest
As on that on which Amy's fair head has been pressed?
So let riches and honors feed Mammon's vain heart;
From my shattered old lodging I'll not wish to part,
And no coat shall I need save the one I've long worn,
Till the last thread be snapped, and the last rent be torn.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(*Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.*)

CHAPTER XVII.

IN PRESENCE OF THE TIGER.

Captain de Maurevert was endowed with a character much too positive to attach the least importance to the exceptionally glorious reception given him. He gravely returned the military salute of the soldiers sent to meet him, and silently and thoughtfully continued to advance at a slow trot.

WHILE DE MAUREVERT WAS STILL SPEAKING, RAOUL SPRANG TO HIS FEET, AND THREW HIS ARMS ABOUT THE CAPTAIN'S NECK.

"It is incontestable," he said to himself, "that I am in all respects worthy of the honors rendered to me. Ah!—now there is a flourish of trumpets! Very good!—but, taking the marquis's character into account, I should prefer my arrival to be a little less noisily celebrated. From all these elegant civilities there exhales a perfume of treason, or of irony, that does not in the least please me. He is going to play fast and loose, I see. Very well, that is a game at which two can play."

After traversing the outer works, of which we have given a description, the captain, still followed by his temporary squire, the faithful Lehardy, entered the château. He first passed over a narrow bridge, the arches of which were surmounted by two gates, each defended by a drawbridge; then he passed through a long vaulted passage, into which opened two guard-rooms, and divided by five doors. At length he entered the interior courtyard.

In this courtyard, bounded on one side by the massive tower of which we have spoken, and on the other by buildings serving for the habitation of the marquis and the servants specially attached to his person, a large flight of stone steps were noticeable. It was at the foot of these stairs that the captain and Lehardy dismounted.

"My friend," he said to Lehardy, in the tone of a protector, "I authorize you during my absence to get yourself served with the best wine in the château." This said, he threw his bridle to one of the men-at-arms, and mounted the stairs to the first floor, where, preceded by a guard of honor, he entered the reception-hall.

This hall, about forty-five feet long by twenty-three, was remarkable on more than one account. It was furnished with almost inconceivable luxury—such richness, indeed, as was rarely seen in the seigneurial mansions of the province at that period.

Ten enormous windows gave admission to a flood of light. Two immense chimnies, ornamented with admirably-carved mantelpieces, were built in the thickness of the wall; on either side were recesses with consoles, and raised dais containing finely-sculptured mythological statues.

In the middle of the hall stood a kind of throne, or chair of state, on which the marquis seated himself when he dispensed justice or received the homage of his vassals. Massive benches of skillfully-carved oak occupied the spaces between the embrasures of the windows, and stools were placed without order throughout the vast room for the use of visitors of rank.

Between the two chimnies already mentioned there was a small door, hidden in the wainscoat, opening into a room contrived in the thickness of the wall; this was the marquis's private room, or *boudoir*. A narrow spiral staircase, by the help of secret mechanism, permitted communication from the room to all parts of the château.

Soon after De Maurevert had been introduced into the reception-hall, the Marquis de la Tremblais entered. On a sign from him the men-at-arms retired, and left him alone with De Maurevert.

The marquis was dressed in black velvet. A dagger hung from his girdle; his look was haughty and severe. It was he who opened the conversation. De Maurevert, quite prepared for the encounter, was not sorry to see his adversary begin the action.

"Captain," the marquis said, "under pretext of having important communications to make to me, you have appealed to my kindness for an interview. I am quite ready to hear what you have to say."

"Monsieur le Marquis," replied De Maurevert slowly, taking great precaution not to risk any expression from which his adversary could draw an advantage, "it will grieve me inexpressibly to hurt your susceptibility, but it is impossible for me to accept a discussion on the footing on which you now placed me. I have not begged an audience but simply demanded an interview; it is distinction, which I feel bound to establish, is of extreme importance. Audience implies superiority or power on the one side—obedience and inferiority on the other. Now we are both gentlemen—equals. I should be also justified in taking exception to the word 'pretext,' which seems to me to have, somehow, got out of its place in your first sentence; but, there!—I am not captious, and detest hair-splitting. I let the word 'pretext' pass, therefore."

Let it be 'interview,' then," said the marquis, coldly; "and come, I beg, to the grave communications promised."

"Permit me, marquis, beforehand, to call your attention to the fact that, in the Captain de Maurevert here present, you are to see, not the Generalissimo of the League of Equity, but the servant of Messeigneurs de Guise."

"The distinction is of small consequence, monsieur."

"On the contrary, it is of much importance. If the inclination should come upon you—which, knowing the amenity of your character, I can hardly conceive—of maligning the Generalissimo of the Army of the League of Equity, it is unquestionable that your violence would go unpunished. The peasants under my command, deprived of my guidance, would be incapable of avenging me; while Messeigneurs de Guise,"—

"Well—what would Messeigneurs de Guise do?" interrupted the marquis, with contemptuous *hauteur*.

"Messeigneurs de Guise, Monsieur le Marquis—perhaps I am wrong to commit this indiscretion—strongly desire, for reasons known to me, to possess a strong fortress in the province of Auvergne. The Château de la Tremblais, for example, would suit their purpose in all respects. They would exhibit the most extreme anger at any violence done to their servant. They would immediately commence the campaign, and without hesitation besiege—with the assent and authorization of the king—your Château de la Tremblais. Now, Monsieur le Marquis, as Messeigneurs de Guise are invincibly headstrong, be sure of it, they would end by carrying your fortress by assault. I confess—for it grieves me to hurt your self-love—that this undertaking would be extremely unpleasant to them; but, nevertheless, they would assuredly carry it through to a successful and glorious conclusion. That, Monsieur le Marquis, is what Messeigneurs de Guise would do."

De Maurevert paused for a second, then went on:

"Let me beg of you, Monsieur le Marquis," he said, with an appearance of embarrassment, "not for a moment to suspect that Messeigneurs de Guise have sent me to you for the secret purpose of seeking a quarrel—of compromising you with them; in short, of furnishing them with a plausible pretext for attacking you. Such an office would not consort with either the straightforwardness or loyalty of my character."

At these words, spoken with an air of constraint, the marquis started, and fixed a searching look on De Maurevert. The captain appeared greatly distressed at this examination, and cast his eyes down.

"Ah," thought the marquis, "this rascal is wanting both in address and prudence. In trying to put my suspicions to sleep by a false semblance of frankness, he has allowed me to see his game. Messieurs de Guise have chosen a clumsy emissary."

"*Parbleu!*" said De Maurevert to himself, "my *ruse* has succeeded. The devil wring my neck if De la Tremblais will not now show the greatest regard for me! By Plutus! there may be something to be made out of his error. We will see."

"Captain," replied the marquis presently, with an affable air, "your conversation gives me infinite pleasure. But is it not time to come to the subject which has given me the honor of your presence?"

"I am at your disposal, marquis. To plunge into the matter at once, I come to demand of you the liberation of the Chevalier Raoul Sforzi, unjustly imprisoned in the dungeons of la Tremblais."

On hearing this audacious speech, the marquis turned pale, and replied, in a voice trembling with rage:

"Death!—captain, take care! You must be mad out of benevolence to place your head between the axe and the block! Keep clear of that subject!"

"That is as much as to say, Monsieur le Marquis," replied De Maurevert, nonchalantly

placing one hand upon his hip, and eyeing his interlocutor audaciously, and almost provocatingly, "that you threaten me, the servant of Messeigneurs de Guise, with an iniquitous and violent death? *Parbleu!*—I see I have not been deceived by the intelligence given me that you were their enemy. You have threatened me with the block, Marquis de la Tremblais! I shall not overlook the circumstance. After all, I have no reason to be astonished, for am I not one of the principal officers of the House of Lorraine? It is Messeigneurs de Guise you wish to strike through me. Your intention is so clear as to leave me no room for doubt. Well, why do you hesitate to send me to prison?"

During the time De Maurevert was speaking, the face of the marquis reflected the violent and contradictory thoughts that were agitating his mind. Several times he appeared on the point of giving way to the promptings of his anger, but prudence each time held the sway over his boiling passion.

"Captain," he replied, after a brief hesitation, "such hastiness does not assort with your age. A sensible man listens and reflects before answering. If you had deigned to give the least attention to what I said, you would have spared yourself the trouble of pronouncing a number of altogether useless sentences. I never thought of threatening you. You are here under the guarantee of a safe-conduct, bearing my seal and signature. Your person is in no danger. You are free to retire whenever you please."

"Then I have been mistaken, marquis, in believing that you threatened with death the humble servant of Messeigneurs de Guise," said De Maurevert, with a counterfeited air of vexation. "I must accept your affirmation. Let us continue our conversation."

De la Tremblais bit his lip, and affected to smile.

"Go on," he said. "I am listening."

"Marquis," continued De Maurevert, "your conduct towards Monsieur le Chevalier Raoul Sforzi is not only contrary to the rights of men, but to all the uses and customs of war. When you carried off the chevalier he was not in any sense bearing arms against you; he was not in an enemy's camp. Nothing, absolutely nothing, warrants you in disposing of his person. Moreover, Monsieur Sforzi is of noble condition. The devil!—a gentleman is not to be treated like a peasant! I, therefore, summon you at once to deliver into my hands the Chevalier Raoul Sforzi, unjustly and iniquitously confined in the dungeons of the château of La Tremblais."

"Captain," replied the marquis, containing himself with difficulty. "I hold you in too much esteem to use deception towards you. I shall, therefore, be quite frank and to the point in my answer."

"There is nothing I so much delight in as frankness, marquis."

"I know perfectly well that in proceeding to grave extremities towards Monsieur de Sforzi I have placed myself without the pale of the law. I care little for that. If I have not right, I have force, which is worth more. If Monsieur de Canilhac, Governor for the king in the province of Auvergne, thinks it his duty to oppose the course of my justice, he is quite at liberty to undertake the adventure. I shall receive him in such a manner as will cure him of any fancy for meddling in my affairs for the future. You might offer me the throne of France, captain, in exchange for the liberty of Sforzi, and I should refuse it. I promised to answer you frankly—you see I have kept my promise."

"May I venture to ask, marquis, what are your intentions with regard to the chevalier?"

"Monsieur de Sforzi will be fastened to the pillory in the public square, flogged *à outrance*, and then hanged on a gallows."

De Maurevert shuddered, but he allowed no sign of his emotion to appear.

"One question more, if you please."

"Ask it, captain, by all means."

"How is it—since the chevalier has been a fortnight in your power—you have not carried out the charming scheme of execution you have been so obliging as to describe to me?"

"How is it?" cried the marquis, with a terrible expression of hatred; "because the punishment of Monsieur de Sforzi would not have been complete! Diane d'Erlanges—I have proof of it—did not perish in the sack of the Château de Tauve; she has fled. Now, Sforzi loves this girl to madness; and I intend that before dying he shall have the satisfaction of knowing that his lady-love has become my mistress."

"*Tudieu*, marquis!—an Italian vengeance!"

"But gentle in comparison with the insult I have received from him!" cried the marquis, turning pale with fury at this recollection.

De Maurevert affected the extremest astonishment, and with an air, the most simple and natural, replied:

"The chevalier insulted you, marquis? I was wholly unaware of this circumstance.—In your place I should not have had patience to defer my vengeance so long. I should at once have provoked him to single combat. It is useless, then, for me to press you further for his liberation?"

"Wholly useless, captain. By the way, now that we are alone and conversing in friendly terms, allow me to tell you that you were very wrong in refusing me the assistance I sent to ask of you. The taking of Tauve would have been a profitable affair to you."

De Maurevert sighed.

"I know, marquis, that the Château de Tauve, having been given up to sack, it would have been better for me to have had the booty than to have lost it; but it was an affair of ill-luck. I had entered into association with the chevalier forty-eight hours before knowing you."

"And does this association still exist?"

"Certainly—the bond is for a year. I guess what you are thinking of—that honor binds me not to abandon Raoul Sforzi in the extremity to which he is reduced; that it is my duty to attempt, by all possible means, to snatch him from your hands and set him free. *Tudieu!*—be sure marquis, that I shall not fail either in my obligations or my duty. All that it is humanly possible for me to do to be disagreeable to you I shall do."

"You declare war, then?"

"Alas! yes, marquis."

"You are wrong, captain—you are wrong! You would find it more profitable to enter into my interests and aid me, with the assistance of your peasants, to carry off Diane d'Erlanges."

"Ah, marquis! it is not generous of you to show me how much I lose by my engagement with the Chevalier Sforzi, for everybody knows your munificence; I should have served you with unexampled zeal. But you see, honor imperiously commands me to refuse you. Pity me, marquis!"

The two enemies remained for a moment silent.

"Marquis," said De Maurevert at length, "will it please you to put the finishing stroke to the obligingness you have shown me throughout this interview by granting me permission to see the chevalier? Oh, be under no apprehension! I give you my word—and you know to what a degree I am its slave—that I will not give him any advice, or communicate to him any plan of escape. I desire simply to embrace him, and I have no objection to one of your servants being present at the interview. Really, marquis, I shall be very greatly obliged if you will not refuse me this request."

"As you wish," replied the Seigneur de la Tremblais, after a moment's reflection. "Follow me!"

The marquis passed into the *boudoir* which has been mentioned, and taking from a table a golden whistle, blew a long shrill note. Almost at the first sound the head of Benoist appeared at the top of a small winding stair, which led from the *boudoir* to the different parts of the château.

On seeing De Maurevert, the Chief of the Apostles started, his lips moved by a sinister smile, and his look ardently interrogated that of his master. This circumstance did not escape the notice of De Maurevert.

"Honest Benoist," he said, jocularly, "the moment for revenge is not yet come. By the bells of Momus! I cannot understand your anger. What! I content myself with giving you a simple cuff on the head when I might as easily have broken your neck, and, instead of being grateful to me, your bear animosity towards me! You are an ingrate!"

The Marquis de la Tremblais, after having given instructions to his executioner, was moving away, when De Maurevert stopped him.

"Excuse my indiscretion, marquis," he said, "but will you be so obliging as to inform me where you purchased the beautiful gold chain that hangs so richly on your shoulders? It reminds me strongly of a similar one given me by Monseigneur the Duc de Guise, and of which I was stripped in a combat in which I was left for dead on the ground. If by any chance the fortune of war should have brought that same chain into your hands, I should not hesitate to offer you a handsome price for it; indeed, I should not shrink from making any sacrifice to recover possession of an object which recalls to me so glorious and delightful a remembrance."

"This chain, captain, is not that of which you deplore the loss," replied De La Tremblais. "It was made to my order by my goldsmith. You will, however, infinitely oblige me by accepting it."

"Ah, marquis! an offer made with so much gallantry—it would be shameful to refuse it. I accept it with all my heart. One last word, I beg. It is, of course, understood that this magnificent present does not in any way engage my freedom? Nothing could be handsomer on your part. Good day, Seigneur de la Tremblais. Be assured, I repeat, that I shall shrink from no means of delivering my companion in arms, the Chevalier Raoul de Sforzi."

After passing the gold chain about his neck, De Maurevert addressed a ceremonious smile to the marquis, and followed Benoist, muttering to himself:

"What a beautiful thing experience is! It enables one to turn everything to profit—even one's enemies."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PROOF OF DEVOTION.

Preceded by Benoist, who acted as his guide, De Maurevert soon arrived at a large room of hexagonal form, situated on the ground floor.

"This way, captain," said the Chief of the Apostles, gruffly, pointing to an orifice in the centre of the floor, looking very like the opening of a well.

"For a man who so readily and generously gives away chains of gold," murmured De Maurevert, "the marquis dispenses his hospitality in rather a shabby fashion! It seems to me that the chevalier might have been better lodged!"

After descending fifty steps, Benoist and De Maurevert reached a sombre passage void of air and light, garnished throughout its length with some twenty massive doors. One of these Benoist opened with a key, which he took from a bunch suspended at his girdle.

"Go in," he said laconically, and in a gruff tone.

The spectacle which met De Maurevert's sight drew from him a deep sigh.

Half reclining on a little dirty straw, the Chevalier Sforzi was plunged in heavy sleep. An incredible change had been taken place in his appearance. His pale cheeks, his thinness, his untended hair and beard, rendered him unrecognizable; in the course of twelve days he had aged ten years.

"Poor companion!" cried De Maurevert, "how he must have suffered!" He stooped and gently touched the sleeping chevalier on the shoulder. "Here is your companion in arms, your partner—come to assure you of his friendship and devotion!"

Sforzi opened his eyes and recognized De Maurevert.

"Ah! is it you, captain? I knew you would not abandon me."

"Abandon you before the time fixed in our engagement to each other—never!" cried De Maurevert, warmly. "But it is not without difficulty that I have been able to reach you. The presence of this rascal Benoist, who is listening with so much attention to our conversation, will alas! tell you that I do not bring you your liberty."

"What matters liberty, or even life, to me, captain? Since Diane is dead, I have no other wish than to rejoin her."

"What! is it the death of Diane that has wasted you in this terrible way? In that case, dear companion, you will get back your lost flesh in the twinkling of an eye. The Demoiselle d'Erlanges is not dead; I myself saw her, three days ago, in good health."

"You are not jesting, captain? I am not delirious? You are really come to tell me that Diane still lives?"

"Most assuredly. She is somewhat changed, it is true; but, with the exception of her sorrowful looks, I give you my word she is perfectly well."

While De Maurevert was still speaking, Raoul sprang to his feet, and threw his arms about the captain's neck.

"Shame and ignominy!" cried De Maurevert, with rage. "What is that sound of irons? Death!—have they chained you?"

"Diane is living!" repeated Raoul, without thinking of replying to De Maurevert's question. "Dear and excellent captain, is she not even in danger?"

"What a strange thing love is!" muttered De Maurevert. "Here is Raoul, but a minute ago sunk in the lowest depth of despair, bathing now in an ocean of felicity! The devil fly away with me, if I believe he would at this moment exchange his position for that of the King of France! I really must try for once to be in love myself!"

"You do not answer me, captain. Tell me about Diane! Let me know how and by whom she was saved! Where is she? Does she remember me? For pity's sake, speak!"

"I should have much pleasure in satisfying your curiosity, dear Raoul; but, after all, the details you ask for would seem very insignificant. Unfortunately, this rascal Benoist, here, prevents me complying with your wishes. I cannot, as you see, inform him of the place of refuge of the Demoiselle d'Erlanges, which the Marquis de la Tremblais is searching for on all sides."

"The marquis! Ah, that is true! Woe, woe to him!" cried Raoul. "I shall know how to punish his infamous hopes and intentions!"

De Maurevert shrugged his shoulders, his favorite gesture.

"Good!" he cried. "Here you are covered with irons, and buried a hundred feet below ground, in a dungeon with cannon-proof walls, thinking of chastising the marquis! A strange thing love! Let us rather think about you!"

"No, no! Tell me about Diane, captain. Has she not spoken to you of me? Do you think—not that she loves me—that would be too great a happiness—but that, at least, she sometimes thinks of me?"

"Diane is simply mad about you. Good! Now you are going to stifle me!"

"Who told you that she loves me?"

"Do young girls ever make that sort of confession? By Venus! the Demoiselle d'Erlanges, in spite of her ceremonious air, has not been able to hide from me the state of her heart. She is madly in love with you, I tell you; but there is nothing in that to make you so joyous. Where would this love lead you—supposing even you were to recover your liberty? To just nothing at all. You forget that the Demoiselle d'Erlanges has lost her manor of Tauve. She is completely ruined!"

"What care I for her fortune?" cried Raoul.

"The crisis is very severe!" muttered De Maurevert. "I must wait awhile before attempting to talk seriously with him—until the fit has passed."

Absorbed in his happiness, Raoul remained silent a considerable time.

"Captain," he exclaimed at length, suddenly, like a man starting from a dream, "I want to get out of this place—to regain my liberty. How is it to be done?"

"Alas! my dear friend, I pledged my word to the Marquis de la Tremblais, when he granted me permission to descend into your dungeon, that I would give you no kind of assistance or advice to aid you in escaping from this place. In spite of my desire, it is absolutely impossible for me to answer your question. All that I am permitted to add is, that I shall do my best to serve your interests. On my honor, as a gentleman, Raoul, I love you with all my heart! I know that this avowal is far from having in your eyes the value of that of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges; and in that respect you are wrong. The devotion of a robust and adventurous captain is ten times preferable to the love of a ruined demoiselle!—I hope to prove it to you."

"Thanks, good De Maurevert! But, the marquis—since you have seen him—has he informed you what his intentions are with regard to me? What does he want?"

"What does he want, the wretch! Benoist, if you look at me in that insolent way, I shall be under the necessity of knocking you down! What does he want, the scoundrel? Alas! I dare not tell you!"

"Captain, I do not need courage."

"You are right! What is the good of keeping you in suspense? The marquis has shown himself to be a coward. He is now inexorable. He talks of exposing you to the ignominy of the pillory, and of submitting you to the shame of the lash!"

"Put me in the pillory!—flog me!" cried Raoul, giving way to frenzy, as if he hoped to burst the fetters with which he was loaded. "Impossible! You are jesting, captain."

"The moment would be ill-chosen, dear Raoul. Stay!—I have a proposition to make, which will leave you in no doubt of the truth of what I have told you."

"What proposition?"

"I confess I feel a certain embarrassment in explaining myself. The question is a very delicate one. It needs, indeed, all the friendship I feel for you to induce me to enter on the matter."

"Pray do not beat about the bush, captain."

"You would not say that if you knew the terrible conclusion of my discourse. However, no matter. I must make an effort to overcome my feelings. My dear Raoul, lend me your attention. I have, as I have already told you, pledged myself to the marquis not to attempt, during this interview, to release you from your dungeon. It is not a plan of escape I am going to suggest you; nevertheless, my object is to save you from the odious and dishonorable punishment which awaits you, and which, I verily believe, you have no means of avoiding. Chevalier—would you like me to plant my dagger in your heart? Before accepting or refusing my offer, reflect; it is worth the trouble. If I were in your place, I declare to you, on my soul and conscience, I should not hesitate a single moment. I should shout 'Yes' with all the power of my lungs; but all characters are not alike. I have seen a man, condemned to death, who trusted to the coming of a new deluge to escape being broken on the wheel. Do not hurry your decision; I will wait."

"Monsieur de Maurevert," cried the apostle Benoist, who, up to that moment, had been content to listen to the conversation of the two friends without taking any part in it.—"Monsieur de Maurevert, I formally oppose your stabbing the Chevalier Sforzi. He belongs to my master, and nobody else has the right to dispose of him."

Instead of replying to the Chief of the Apostles, De Maurevert placed himself in front of the door.

"Maître Benoist," he said, "I made no promise in your regard. I have, therefore, a perfect right, if I feel so inclined, to squeeze the life out of your body against my breast-plate, to smash your skull, or drive my poignard up to the hilt into your heart. I admit that in the choice of so many diversions I experience some little hesitation, but it will be of short duration; and you may be assured it will not be in the least to your advantage. If, like all scoundrels with tormenting consciences, you go in fear of death, you had better lose no time in getting into a better frame of mind. Well, dear chevalier, have you determined? I am awaiting your answer."

"Captain," replied Raoul, with deep emotion, "from the bottom of my soul I thank you. You have proved to me how great is your devotion, and I shall hold you in eternal gratitude; but I refuse your offer."

"Very well, chevalier. Who knows?—perhaps there may come another deluge!"

"I cling to life, captain, because I love Diane; because in my love for Mademoiselle d'Erlanges I shall find strength to bear the ignominious fate which awaits me. Later or sooner, history, which will carry my name down to posterity, will relieve me of the humiliation to which I shall have been subjected, and avenge my wrongs."

"My dear Raoul," replied De Maurevert, after a brief silence, "if it were only a question of the pillory, I should not have pushed my zeal to such a point as I have done; but I have not yet told you all that has passed between me and the marquis: to the scourge and the pillory, he adds the gibbet. Would it not be a hundred thousand times preferable to be tenderly stabbed by the hand of a friend than to be strung up to a gallows by that of a hangman?"

The chevalier remained unmoved by this terrible revelation.

"Captain," he said, in as calm a tone as if he had been pursuing an ordinary conversation, "your explanation does not in the least change my resolution. I see as plainly as yourself that the marquis is too much a coward not to be relentless; he has placed himself already too far beyond the pale of the law not to carry through his sanguinary work to the end; but, in spite of the apparent certainty of my fate, I do not think that my death is near. It seems impossible to me that, blessed with Diane's love, I can be doomed to pass so quickly to the grave. You laugh, perhaps, at my credulity and pride; but I feel within me a strength which no hangman can overcome. I cannot help thinking that I am destined to accomplish great things. No, no, captain; I repeat, I will not die!"

"By my patron!" cried De Maurevert, "men condemned to death are all alike! It is impossible for them to bring themselves to see that in a little time they will be nothing more than lifeless bodies. But, all things considered, I am not sorry you refuse my offer. It would have been a frightful task for me to perform."

He stopped suddenly in the midst of his reflection, and uttered a cry of joy.

"By the pitchfork of Beelzebub!—friend Raoul, a triumphant inspiration has come to me! Thousand legions of devils! I was just going to forget that I have promised on my honor not to give you any suggestion as to obtaining your liberty. I must hold my tongue. However, be quite sure, my dear friend, that all hope is not yet lost. You have done well not to let me stab you!"

"Captain," said Benoist, "the time fixed by Monseigneur le Marquis, my master, for the duration of this interview has more than expired. Will you be good enough to take leave of Monsieur le Chevalier, and follow me?"

De Maurevert several times tenderly embraced the unfortunate Raoul; then, after advising him to be patient, and repeating that his position was not yet desperate, he quitted the dark and foul dungeon.

The adventurer felt an instinctive joy on once again reaching open daylight; the sight and warmth of the sun caused him an agreeable emotion. Lehardy was waiting with great impatience the return of the Generalissimo of the League of Equity.

"Have you seen Monsieur le Chevalier?" he inquired, as soon as he perceived the captain.

"Hush!" replied De Maurevert, as he mounted his horse. "It is said—and I believe it—that in strongholds like this the very walls have ears."

A few minutes later, thanks to his presence of mind, the captain passed, safe and sound, out of the tiger's den.

"Ah!" said he, "once clear of the outer *enceinte*, I can now breathe at ease! If the Marquis de la Tremblais had ever so little doubted the interest taken in me by the Messeigneurs de Guise, it is a hundred to one that at this moment I should be keeping company with my poor companion in arms. I am delighted with the success of my tact. If my unfortunate friend Raoul should be hanged, I shall at least have gained a magnificent gold collar."

CHAPTER XIX.

A LAST ATTEMPT.

It is to the goatherd's cabin, in which Diane had taken refuge since the capture of the Château de Tauve, we now conduct the reader. The young girl and De Maurevert were seated face to face on two rough stools—Lehardy, while lending sustained attention to the conversation, employing himself in decorating the miserable hut with posies of mountain flowers.

"For five days, then, captain, since you returned from the Château de la Tremblais, you have heard nothing of Monsieur de Sforzi?"

"Nothing, mademoiselle; and I am delighted that it is so. This silence proves that the dear marquis has not yet put his threat into execution, and that up to to-day, our beloved Raoul has neither been pilloried, scourged, nor hanged."

These words, pronounced by the captain with perfect coolness, made Diane shudder, and spread a crimson blush over her pale face.

"Captain!" she cried, "if I were a man, and heaven had accorded to me the honor of being the companion in arms of Monsieur de Sforzi, the chevalier would at this moment be free, or I should be dead! Your inaction—forgive me for making this reproval, too well warranted by the gravity of the chevalier's present position—is neither that of a gentleman nor that of a friend."

"Mademoiselle," replied De Maurevert, coldly, "if heaven had made me a woman and in love with the Chevalier Raoul, it is probable that I should use exactly such language as yourself. Our opposite manner of looking at the question proves, beyond doubt, the difference of our positions. You speak with your heart—I with my experience. The man who is true does not attempt to fashion events to his own liking, but only takes good care to turn them to his advantage. The inaction of which you accuse me has at least the effect of not aggravating Raoul's position, which only mistaken activity might render desperate!"

This answer, somewhat rude as it was, did not help to diminish the bright carnation tint which overspread Diane's cheeks. Her love for Raoul, so chastely hidden in the recesses of her soul, and which the adventurer so roughly drew into the light of day, filled her with confusion. Her embarrassment was of short duration, however. Very quickly she raised her head, her eyes beaming with generous and pure enthusiasm.

"Yes, captain," she cried—"yes, I love the Chevalier Sforzi! Has not Monsieur Raoul bravely espoused the cause of my poor mother? Has he not thrown himself between the oppressor and the oppressed—the executioner and his victim? Who, among the two or three thousand gentlemen of the province of Auvergne, has dared to raise a voice in our favor? Who has not shrunk before the dread of calling down upon himself the enmity of the terrible marquis? The chevalier alone has not quailed before the danger. Is the sentiment, which has been awakened in my heart by so much courage and generosity, love? I know not; but, before heaven which hears me, captain, I am proud of this sentiment. I know it will be eternal. You smile. You do not understand me. What I feel for Monsieur de Sforzi is something between the affection of a sister and the friendship of a man. To-morrow Monsieur Raoul may passionately love a woman insensible to his tenderness. I should not hesitate to throw myself at the feet of that woman, and beg her love for the chevalier."

While Diane was speaking, a singular change took place in the attitude of the adventurer. His look, which had been cynical and sneering, gave place to a grave and serious air. Presently, an expression of kindness, almost of tenderness, softened the iron rigor of his face, and, by the time Diane had ceased speaking, a tear stole from beneath his heavy eyelids. He rose from his seat, advanced towards the young girl, and, bowing lowly before her, imprinted a respectful kiss upon her hand.

"Mademoiselle," he said, in a gentle tone of voice, that sounded strange in his own ears, "forgive me; I ask pardon for my foolish remarks. Until to-day, Captain Maurevert, expert as he is in many things, never suspected what treasures of delicacy and devotion might be enclosed in the bosom of a virtuous maiden! Ah, mademoiselle!" he went on, after a short pause, "if you knew what a horrible ruffian I am, what abominable ideas I have had concerning you, you would drive me away with contempt and abhorrence. By all the devils, I intend, for my own punishment, to confess the whole of my baseness! Imagine, Demoiselle d'Erlanges, that I meditated offering you in marriage to the marquis in exchange for the chevalier's liberty! I believe even—may Beelzebub wring my neck—that I counted on making five hundred crowns by the infamous transaction! I certainly feel towards Raoul an infinite affection. Well, may all the misfortunes and sufferings of this earth fall on me if I would not rather, a thousand times, see him hanged than know you were in the hands of the marquis! I declare to you that from this moment you have the right to the entire disposal of my will and my arm. I only request permission to discuss your projects when they appear impracticable, binding myself all the same to take part in them if you persist in carrying them into execution."

"Captain," replied Diane, really touched by this strange and unexpected devotion, "I thank you for your support, and accept it with the warmest gratitude. I will always submit my ideas to you for consideration without binding you to obedience. I own it seems to me that, as Generalissimo of the League of Equity, and having a numerous army under your command, it is possible for you to besiege the Château de la Tremblais, and set the Chevalier Sforzi free."

"Dear Mademoiselle d'Erlanges," said De Maurevert, shaking his head sadly, "you take your wishes for the reality. The mob of peasants under my command do not merit even the name of an army. If I had not taken the extremest care in choosing the ground for their encampment, and in avoiding all engagements in the plain, it would long ago have ceased to exist. These rustic rebels leave a great deal to be desired on the score of discipline. Hanging a dozen of them as examples has had hardly any improving effect; but, on the contrary, has actually served to make me unpopular amongst them. They suspect me, and I should not be in the least surprised to find that they meditate betraying me. But, even supposing I were at the head of a real army, your project of besieging the Château de la Tremblais would be none the less mad-brained. The first thing the marquis would do would be to throw the head of Raoul from his ramparts into our camp. No; force can do nothing for us—it is address alone we must employ!"

"Why have you not tried, captain, to interest the Lieutenant-General of the province of Auvergne, Monseigneur de Canilhac, in our cause? Do you not think that such representations as he would have the right to make to the marquis might produce a happy result? Think over this suggestion. I have requested, through Lehardy, an interview with Monseigneur de Canilhac."

"Which he has refused you?"

"Which he has granted me. I am to see him at two o'clock to-day."

"Where?"

"A league from here."

"Why a league from this spot, and not at Clermont?"

"Because Monseigneur de Canilhac feared that my arrival in the city might become known to the marquis."

"Which signifies, Demoiselle Diane, that Monseigneur de Canilhac, Governor of the province of Auvergne as he is, dares not face the anger of the Marquis de la Tremblais. However, who knows? Perhaps something may be done to utilise this meeting. Let me reflect a little."

De Maurevert reseated himself on his stool, resting his elbows on his knees, his large head between his hands, and remained a long time plunged in thought.

"Mademoiselle," he said, at length, "is it possible for you to furnish me with pen, ink, and paper?"

"Yes, captain; when I had to write to Monseigneur de Canilhac, Lehardy procured all these things for me."

Soon afterwards, De Maurevert, seated at a low table—the only piece of furniture in the goatherd's cabin—traced in large characters, and in a heavy and laborious handwriting, the following letter:

"Monsieur le Marquis,—I have thoroughly reflected since our interview, and now see that I was wrong to reject the handsome proposition you made me with regard to Mademoiselle d'Erlanges. My association with the Chevalier Raoul Sforzi binds me only to the latter person: I have entered into no engagement to protect his mistresses. I have ascertained from a trustworthy source the Mademoiselle d'Erlanges quitted Auvergne a fortnight ago, and that she has taken refuge in Paris. If you consent to remunerate me fittingly for my trouble, I undertake to bring back the said Demoiselle, within six weeks at most, and to deliver her into your hands.

"Suffer me now to make one last appeal to you, in favor of my poor companion, the Chevalier Raoul Sforzi. It is true that he has outrageously ill-treated you, and that if you pardon him he will feel towards you an eternal grudge for his imprisonment; and the noblesse may, also, mistake your clemency for fear. What does this matter, however!—the satisfaction of your own conscience will be a sufficient repayment for these calumnies, dangers, and gossipings.

"As soon as I receive your answer I shall hasten, if my offer meet with your acceptance, to talk over with you the subject of the abovementioned remuneration.

"I am, marquis, your very humble and mortal enemy."

"Be good enough to cast your eyes over this missive, mademoiselle," said De Maurevert, handing to Diane the singular letter he had finished writing.

"But, captain!" cried Diane, "this letter is simply a sentence of death to Monsieur Sforzi!"

"On the contrary, mademoiselle, it is his only remaining chance of safety. This letter—though I am no great hand at writing—appears to me to be very cunningly calculated. It is certain that, after having read it, the marquis will summon his executioner, Maitre Benoist, and order him to proceed instantly to execute sentence on our dear Raoul."

"But, in that case, captain——"

"That is exactly what I wish to bring about. Let them only proceed to hang poor Sforzi, and all will be right!"

Diane gazed on her interlocutor in bewilderment.

"What!" continued De Maurevert coolly, "do you not understand, mademoiselle, that so long as Raoul is held prisoner—that is to say, buried a hundred feet under ground—we can do nothing for him? What we have to do is to contrive that, at any cost, he shall be got out of the château, even though on his way to the gallows. I am so managing that that ceremony shall not take place in one of the courtyards of the château, but that the marquis shall choose for the place of execution the chief spot in his jurisdiction; then, with heaven's help, there will be a tumult, a battle, and—we will do our best."

"Ah, captain, this expedient appears to me very hazardous!"

"Not half so hazardous as the siege you proposed to me just now. Blood and carnage!—it is time we knew whether this gibbet which troubles us in our dreams at night is, or is not, to be the fate of our Raoul! But the hour of your interview with Monseigneur de Canilhac is approaching; it is time for you to be on your way. Allow me, mademoiselle, to offer you my horse."

Obliged, in spite of her refusal, to accept the captain's offer, Diane took her seat on his powerful charger.

De Maurevert, with his heavy breast-plate hung over his shoulder on the end of his sword, led the horse by the bridle, Lehardy, carrying the adventurer's arquebuse, marching by his side.

After a difficult march through the mountain paths, Diane and her escort reached the place fixed on for the meeting. Monseigneur de Canilhac was already there.

At sight of De Maurevert, the Governor of the province of Auvergne made a movement of surprise, almost of anger, showing how little he was gratified by this meeting. The captain, however, advanced towards him and saluted him warmly.

"Monseigneur," he said, "it is simply Monsieur de Maurevert, and not the Generalissimo of the Army of the League of Equity, who has now the honor of presenting to you his humble homage. Will it please you to afford me a moment's conversation? I have a presentiment that what I have to say will not be at all unpleasant to you to hear."

"After I have heard Mademoiselle d'Erlanges I will listen to you, Monsieur de Maurevert," replied the Governor, offering his hand to Diane, to assist her to dismount. He then pointed to a rock covered with moss, which might serve her for a seat. He himself remained standing.

The Marquis de Canilhac was at that period about five-and-forty years of age; his air was haughty, his manners grand and distinguished. Of irascible and violent temper, he bore with difficulty the pride and arrogance of the nobles of the province; at the same time, a taste for pleasure, an extreme indulgence of his passions, and certain actions of a somewhat irregular nature, imposed on him the obligation of living at peace with the redoubtable seigneurs under his authority, and not to be very severe with them on account of the illegalities, violences, and vexations of which they were daily guilty towards the people.

Monseigneur de Canilhac respected only one thing—the noblesse. It was, therefore, solely to her illustrious origin, to the weight of her name, that Diane owed the signal favor of this interview with Monseigneur the Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Auvergne.

(To be continued.)

LOST AND LOVED.

BY J. W. THIRLWALL.

Ah! now, I never hear the name
That once unto mine ear,
Was sweeter music than the strains
Of reed, or trembling string,
But memory oft recals it,
With a thrill, a sigh, or tear;
No dearer name has yet been found,
Love can no dearer bring.

We cannot linger by the way,
Time bears us surely on,
Spring buds, the summer blossoms,
Autumn ripens, winter blasts,
We know the brightness of bright hours
When all their glory's gone,
And count our blisses when the storm,
Its desolation casts.

Our early bliss, half understood,
Too late, is fully known;
We treasure up the casket
When the gem so bright is gone;
With fond regret we view the cage,
When once the bird is flown,
Encaged, with others 'twas compared,
When free, compeers had none.

HOMBURG: A RETROSPECT.

Nowhere could Doctor Pangloss boast of more disciples than at Homburg in the summer months. And what a marvellous field those brilliant saloons afforded to the observer of human nature! What scores of singular types of physiognomy and character! What a strange and bewildering medley of Royal dukes and blacklegs authors and pickpockets, peeresses and heroines of the Palais Royal footlights! Watch that rusty little old man with the downcast look and plodding gait, who is shuffling slowly up and down the *Rouge et Noir* saloon, ever and anon casting a side glance at the table where the great Garcia is putting calmly away at the rate of sixty thousand francs a *coup*. Poor old man! he looks shabby and miserable enough, and, if you are charitably disposed, you might feel inclined to slip a stray five-franc piece into his wrinkled and palsied hand. Don't do so, my good friend! Keep your five francs to put on a number at *roulette*. The poor old gentleman does not want them. He is the great M. Blanc himself, and could buy you and me up with half his year's income. Twenty years ago he came to Homburg, looking just as old, and, if anything, a trifle rustier than he does now, and obtained leave to open a small *roulette* table in the building which is now the Orangery. His whole capital was then ten thousand francs; now he is lord and master of Homburg. The splendid Kursaal is his; his the pretty theatre and the far-stretching park and grounds. The fairy-like hanging gardens of Monaco sprang into bloom at the potent touch of his golden wand. He pensions the sovereign of that Lilliputian State, builds hospitals, constructs railways, and pockets, over and above all these expenses, something like two hundred thousand pounds per annum. Keep your five francs, my charitable friend! M. Blanc does not want them. The red-faced, thickset man, with stolid wooden features, who is seated next to the croupier, is Garcia, the great Spanish gambler. His history is a strange one. A few months ago he was a wealthy merchant in Barcelona. A speculation turned out badly, and he was ruined. With the wreck of his fortune — some four thousand pounds—he came to Homburg, and won largely. By a special agreement with M. Blanc he is now allowed to stake sixty thousand francs a *coup*, five times the regular maximum. Fortune is still true to him. As we gaze he points to the enormous heap of notes, the result of four successful *coups*, which lie before him on *rouge* and calls *Soixante mille francs aux billets*. The cards fall one by one. *Rouge gagne et couleur*! He was won again. The croupiers rise from their chairs. The bank is broken, and play will not be resumed for an hour. Garcia folds his notes up carefully and buttons them up in his breast-pocket. As he saunters from the room he catches a glimpse of his own face reflected in a glass, and smiles approvingly at himself. Well he may! In three weeks he has won a million of francs. Could that mirror but reflect a near futurity, it would show him the image of a ruined gamester, lying penniless and dying on a wretched pallet in the attic of a back street in Geneva.—*Charing Cross.*

A STORY is going the rounds of the papers just now, for the truth of which we cannot vouch, but which is at least worth telling. It concerns a dog which, instead of barking, each morning imitates the crowing of a rooster. His owner accounts for this strange peculiarity by stating that the dog was born and bred in the country, and from his earlier puphood was separated from all other curs, enjoying only the companionship of barnyard fowls. Hearing no other sounds so frequently as the crowing of the cocks, and doubtless never knowing that his species enjoyed the sole ownership of another and different sort of music, he began to imitate the matutinal exercises of his feathered companions, in which he has at last acquired a proficiency which surpasses and charms every one who has had the felicity of listening to his performance.

THE IRISH WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

"Remember, Denis, all I bade you say;
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord;
But our troubles since he went away
You'll mind, avick, and never say a word;
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share,
The finest summer isn't always fair.

"Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May,
She died, poor thing; but that you needn't mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God was ever kind,
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the 'sickness' from our door.

"Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came
And cut the corn and stored it in the barn;
'Twould be as well to mention them by name—
Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and James M'Carn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
And say, agra—Oh, say I missed him still.

"They came with ready hands our toil to share—
'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand—
I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land;
Strong hand! brave heart! one severed far away from me
By many a weary league of shore and sea.

"And tell him she was with us—he'll know who;
Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes?
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue
I ever saw, except in summer skies;
And such black hair! it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

"Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
And moped, poor dog! 'twas well he didn't die.
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by;
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the step that never came.

"Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight;
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

"Give him my blessing, morning, noon and night;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand as the brave father stood,
True to his name, his country and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

—Dublin Freeman.

THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

THE ACTOR'S STORY.

The Theatre Royal, Barnchester, was a prosperous establishment at the time, now many years ago, when I was a member of its company, and when the tragic event occurred in which I was most unwittingly concerned. By the aid of a strong *corps dramatique*, backed up by London stars, the business for several seasons was maintained in a flourishing condition. In those days I was supposed to be learning the art, which I have long since abandoned, and to which I took well: it matters nothing to my story why I took to it. Many a young fellow has, in his early days, strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage, and then, fortunately for himself and others been heard no more.

Our manager was also our stage-manager, and in these capacities was more successful than in that of an actor, in which vocation he, nevertheless, labored. He was always very civil to me—indeed, he was always very civil to every body—and we got on capitally together. It may, therefore, seem unreasonable to say that I never liked him, but such, notwithstanding, was the case. Despite his general popularity with his company, arising chiefly, I believe, from the punctuality he observed in all his payments, I fancied I saw a sinister expression in his eye, and a suppressed tone of savagery in his manner when ruffled, which betrayed a nature unsafe to rouse to enmity, and capable of nourishing the direst feeling of revenge. I believe my suspicions were finally verified. Heaven forgive me if I wrong him! but the circumstances which eventually led to the termination of my career as an actor will forever in my mind go far to justify the prejudice with which he inspired me, for they gave birth to a conviction which I have never been able to overcome, and right or wrong, I shall see in it to the end of my days the reason why, as with the instinct of a dumb animal I disliked him from the first moment we met.

Life behind the scenes of a country theatre is not, perhaps, very refined. Much that is objectionable, of course, is to be found there, but, at the same time, much that is honest, hard-working, sincere, and kind-hearted; and I am safe in asserting that these virtues, and many more, were combined in the person of Julia Halworth, our leading young lady—a clever, graceful novice, who was struggling hard to maintain her widowed mother and three younger sisters, and, if possible, to avoid bringing the latter into a profession with the drawbacks to which she was well acquainted. Nevertheless, her task was not easy, her salary was small, and she had the greatest difficulty in eking out her resources. It is not wonderful, therefore, that she was, by degrees, induced to listen to the avowals of devotion made to her by Mr. Caugar, our manager. He was old enough to be her father, but he was in a position to place her, as his wife, in comparative comfort; for, unlike most men in his capacity, he had been very careful, and was supposed to be well off. There was a whisper that he had not been over-scrupulous in the way that he had made his money. A little privateering during the latter days of the great war, and since then some successful smuggling transactions, had, it was said, contributed largely to the wealth which he had recently embarked in ventures theatrical, for which, like many a sailor, he had a strong predilection, a certain similarity existing between the management of a ship and that of a theatre. I could see that much maternal pressure was used to induce Miss Halworth to recognize the advantages of a home such as Caugar could give her; but I could also see that if she did so, it would be at a great personal sacrifice, for not only did she seem to share my own innate repugnance to the man, increased, probably, on her part by the disparity of their years, but I strongly suspected there was a prior attachment. Of this, indeed, I was eventually convinced, and although I never knew precisely what had passed, the prologue to my tragedy had shaped itself briefly into something of this kind.

She had been induced to take up the noble art of acting by watching the successful career of a young fellow named Bernal Rutherstone, whom she had known from childhood, and whose efforts for his family were akin to those she was making for her own. After winning a fair reputation in the provinces, he had made a very favorable impression on the London public, and, by degrees, had gained considerable fame. His progress had been very carefully noted, step by step, by Julia Halworth, and, added to her own natural love for the art, had inspired her with a determination to devote herself to the stage with the hope of winning equal renown. I imagined—nay, I was sure—there had been on her side some deeper feelings involved; but probably with him it had been only a boy-and-girl flirtation, which had died away, leaving no mark, for they had not met for several years, and I knew they did not correspond. Nevertheless, he was the hero of her life; his doings, his successes, formed the one theme on which she was never tired of expatiating.

When, therefore, it was announced that Mr. Rutherstone was coming to play an engagement at our theatre, bringing with him a new play in which he had met with tremendous success in London, Miss Halworth did not hesitate to express her joy at the prospect of meeting her old friend, and of being able at last not only to see him act, but to act with him. This juncture of affairs happened just at the time she was weighing in her mind the answer she was to give to our manager's proposals, and it was then that the doubt and perplexity with which she viewed then came under my notice. On the one hand, she saw herself bound to a man to whom she had an antipathy, but who would immediately relieve her from the anxiety which the care of her mother and sisters entailed upon her (for Caugar had not failed to avail himself of the strong argument which her affection for her family placed in his hands); and on the other, freedom not only to pursue her art with the hope of achieving a great London reputation, but to indulge in the dream that it might not always be upon the stage alone that she would have to play the heroine of a domestic drama, with Bernal Rutherstone for its hero.

The manager's smooth words and promises had quite won over to his side Mrs. Halworth, a selfish, indolent woman, who, congratulating herself on the comfort that would accrue to her from her daughter's marriage, quite lost sight of the fact that Caugar was not altogether disinterested, and had no intention of Julia's leaving the stage, for he was fully aware of her capacity, and knew he should be making no bad investment by diverting her future earnings into his own pockets.

"I think you would do well, Mrs. Halworth, somewhat to check your daughter's outspoken admiration for Mr. Rutherstone. I was not aware until his engagement with me was announced this morning that she had ever been acquainted with him. It is scarcely becoming for any young lady to express her predilections in such glowing terms, but you can understand that it is peculiarly unpleasant for me to hear her, when the delicate nature of our present relations is considered. She said but now that it was the cherished dream of her life some day to play the heroine to his heroes, and that directly he had heard she was to do so here he had written to her, reclaiming his old acquaintance, and reminding her of their early hopes of some day forming an alliance which, at any rate behind the foot-lights, should astonish the world. Now, you know, loving her as I do, this was not agreeable to my feelings, and if I seem to be a little jealous at such words you can hardly blame me, especially when she promised that I should have my answer to-day; but since the bills have been out about Mr. Rutherstone she again puts me off, and delares she can not decide in so much haste. She has tortured me already long enough, and this coincidence is, to my mind, very significant."

"Oh, dear me! pray don't think any thing of that kind, Mr. Caugar; I am sure you have no cause to be anxious. She must make up her mind; she promised me she would yield to your wishes, and this enthusiasm about her old friend is only part of that which she shows on all matters concerning her profession. It is true that in better days, during my poor husband's lifetime, as children, Julia and Mr. Rutherstone knew each other, and were constantly playing at acting; but they have not met for years, and this letter, I am quite sure, is the first my daughter has ever had from him. It is chiefly about some stage directions, dresses, and hints he wants her to attend to; you shall see it."

"Well, well! it may be so, but I shall keep my eyes open when they meet, and I must warn you that I will not be trifled with. If I see any thing to justify the suspicion which her conduct has suddenly aroused, I wash my hands of the whole affair, I withdraw my proposals, and I leave you to your present life of penury. Meanwhile, caution her, and exercise your authority by compelling her to make her choice."

Thus much of a conversation I involuntarily overheard one evening while standing at the wing waiting for my cue, the speakers being merely separated from me by the canvas of the scene; but it was sufficient to make me also keep my eyes open when Bernal Rutherstone arrived. This he did in a few days, and rehearsals of a new play in five acts, called "The Duel to the Death," were immediately entered on. It is unnecessary for my purpose to refer to any thing but the one great scene—the sensation, as it would now be called—of the piece. It is the story that grows out of the story of the drama that I am concerned with, the real tragedy evolved by the mimic one.

The plot was long and gloomy, culminating in the situation from which the play took its name, in which the hero is shot at the very moment his mistress, too late to avert the fatal bullet, rushes forward and falls across her lover's lifeless form. Upon this climax to the fourth act the act-drop descends. In London the great success of the drama had arisen from the reality and care with which this scene had been rendered, and an immensity of time and pains was therefore spent at our theatre in order to do it equal justice. The whole extent of the stage was occupied by an elaborate "set," representing a secluded glen.

Principals and seconds arrive; certain pacific overtures are made by the blameless combatant, one Mark Mayburn, and rejected by the villain Houndsfoot, who is the cause of the contest. Not only does he refuse to listen to them, but insists that it shall be indeed "a duel to the death!" So it is settled that lots are to be drawn for the first shot, which is to be at twelve paces; this falls to Houndsfoot. In the event of his missing, he who is fired at (Mayburn) then steps forward one pace and delivers his fire. If this, in its turn, be unsuccessful, the duellist who had fired first then steps in another pace and delivers his second shot. Thus gradually reducing the distance, and alternately firing, the chances are supposed to be equalized, and the two enemies brought closer and closer together.

Cool and blood-thirsty deliberation marks the conduct of both. Three shots have been delivered on either side, but only two have taken effect. One has slightly wounded Houndsfoot; and the other, fired by himself, has knocked the pistol from his antagonist's hand. A great point was to be made of this incident, and of the renewed efforts of the seconds to bring about a peaceful arrangement. The blood of both principals, however, is too much aroused, and Mark Mayburn now equally insisting on its being a "duel to the death," pistols are reloaded, ground is again taken up, and in horrible proximity to each other the duellists prepare for their last encounter. The word is given: in another minute all is over, and Mayburn, with a bullet through his heart, falls to the ground just as the luckless heroine enters, as I have described.

It was my fate to be cast for the part of Houndsfoot, while, of course, Rutherstone played that of Mark. We had never met before, but soon understood each other, and I willingly fell into his few little caprices about the "business" of our scenes together. We went through the duel over and over again, according to the stage directions of the London theatre, carefully arranging our relative positions, and so disposing everything as to bring out the points of the incidents and the dialogue with the utmost dramatic effect. I need not go into these in detail; the final one, to which everything is gradually worked up, is sufficient. We started from the opposite corners of the stage, so as to give the greatest appearance of space; thus the fatal shot was fired in the most conspicuous part of the boards.

At the first rehearsals we, of course, only snapped our pistols at each other, and our seconds merely went through the motions and time of reloading the pair with which we were both supplied; but as it was necessary at last to carry out actually what was to be done at night, we went through the firing, and much powder was burned and noise created ere Rutherstone expressed himself contented with the way in which the business went and the scene was acted. At first, in firing at him, especially when we came to close quarters, I used to point the pistol well over his head, according to the usual practice in such cases, for the sake of safety; but so determined was he to carry out the reality of the effect that he insisted on my aiming straight at him. "Depress your muzzle a little, so as to clear my face," said he, "and no wadding or flame can hurt me. The effect is absurd to see the pistol fired clean over me."

This, therefore, I did, though somewhat reluctantly, for it is a nasty feeling, that of deliberately taking aim at a man, even though you may know that the charge is harmless. However, over and over again we repeated the scene; three shots each, the intermediate business, then my fourth—the fatal one—Mark's fall, the girl's entrance, and the tableau. Now in this same fall Rutherstone used to make, in my humble judgment, a fatal mistake, and I ventured to tell him so. I said that a man shot in that way would assuredly fall forward, and not backward, as he did, and that all those with whom I had ever conversed who had seen a man killed by a bullet told me that the dead on a battle-field were nearly always found face downward, which fact had given rise to the expression "biting the dust." He disputed the statement, and adhered to the only little bit of conventionality in his performance.

So he persisted in his "own business," as we technically called it. The moment I had fired he took one step toward me, raised his arms, and fell flat on his back with a heavy thud. It is true that by the disposition of the characters on the stage this gave a capital opportunity for the heroine to throw herself across his body, and the arrangement was picturesque enough; but to my mind it spoiled his otherwise truthful interpretation of the part. He was not a conventional actor, but this bit of acting was so in the extreme.

For over a week the piece was in rehearsal, during which time I could not fail to notice the close intimacy which sprung up, or, more properly speaking, was renewed, between Julia Halworth and Rutherstone. In a thousand little ways incidental to the actor's art I saw that something besides the merely inevitable familiarity consequent upon playing together had arisen between them, and I likewise saw that this had started into life all the latent fury with which I had credited Caugar, in spite of his bland manner, smooth smiles, and soft voice. There was a desperate struggle going on within him; at times it cost him his utmost strength to control himself. Jealousy, deep revengeful jealousy, had taken possession of him—a jealousy which could have sprung only from a sincerer love for the girl than I had supposed him capable of; but it was only in this item of his disposition that I had wronged him; in all else he bore out, to my keen eyes, my original idea of his nature. In his capacity of stage-manager he was, of course, present at the rehearsals, and, in addition to this, he played the part of one of my seconds in the duel, thus being continually brought into contact with every one concerned in the scene.

It was on these occasions that I noted especially what was uppermost in his mind. Once I chanced upon him talking with Miss Halworth as I passed down to the wing to go on. She had evidently just given him her ultimatum.

"This, then, is your answer," I heard him mutter between his teeth, and almost losing, in his ill-suppressed rage, the soft, urbane tone of his usual voice. "For this I have been kept in miserable suspense for weeks. I little thought when I came to terms with Rutherstone that I was wrecking my chance of domestic happiness for the sake of professional renown. Confound him!" he continued, in a still lower voice, as he turned away; "he shall not wear her, though he has won her—she shall never be his wife; I'll put an end to his engagement first, by some means."

Julia half followed him to the wing, and said, hesitatingly, "I must be candid; I told you I did not think I could ever like you, and now Bernal is here, I know it; our old feeling has—"

"Spare me that reference," interposed Caugar; "this is no time for such a discussion. You shall repent your conduct, be sure. You are called, Miss Halworth;" and she had to go to the entrance, and await her cue.

"Did he threaten her?" I thought. "What would his savage nature lead him to do? Any thing?" I said to myself, as I observed the diabolical expression which had overspread his face.

Our last rehearsal had been gone through to the satisfaction of every body. I had made a final appeal to Rutherstone respecting his fall; but, with the greatest good temper, he told me to mind my own business, and be sure not to fire the pistol over his head, as I had still always a tendency and inclination to do.

The evening came; the house was crowded. The first three acts had gone splendidly; every body was delighted, and the act-drop rose on the beautifully managed scene in which the duel was to take place. There could be no doubt that if this could be carried out in the realistic manner with which every thing else had been done, success was certain. Carried out in a realistic manner? God help me! Who could have foretold the reality of what was to follow? Who? Well, there was one person, I shall ever believe, who could have done so; but I must not anticipate.

At length the action had reached the fatal moment. As we crept closer and closer together the three unsuccessful shots on either side had been delivered amidst breathless expectation on the part of the audience; the pistol had been knocked from Mayburn's hand, the pacific efforts of the seconds rejected, and the hush of anxiety, the suppressed terror and emotion so palpable in a large assembly, when its interest

is thoroughly aroused and absorbed, was at its height.

A great deal of business was made of the reloading for the next encounter, my seconds drawing aside, as also did Mayburn's for the purpose. Then the weapons were handed to us with great ceremony, and we were once more face to face, as the dialogue expressed it, "at such close quarters as could scarcely fail to bring about a fatal issue."

It was, of course, again my turn to fire first. I took the pistol from Caugar's hand. Would that mine at that moment had been paralyzed forever!

Amidst the breathless expectations of the audience I raised my arm. By a glance Rutherstone renewed his caution against my habit of firing too high; and when the word was given, determining that he should have no complaint against me, I, levelling the muzzle straight at his breast, pulled the trigger. The report, so much louder than usual, and the sharper recoil of the pistol, in themselves, during the brief second of time, alarmed me; and as I saw Rutherstone, instead of stepping toward me and falling back, as I have described he did at rehearsal, spring high into the air, and then fall forward on his face at my feet, I knew instinctively what had happened! Not so, however, Julia Halworth, who, waiting for her cue at the wing, rushed in, and, like a clever and ready actress, adapted her movements to the changed position of her lover's body; not so, either, the audience who thundered its applause at the startling effect of the scene as the act-drop descended.

Little indeed, did the spectators conceive the reality of what they had witnessed; little, indeed, did they conceive that they had beheld a veritable duel to the death; and least of all could they imagine what a frightful tragedy was passing on the other side of the curtain before which the multitude, now released from the tension in which it had been held by the performance, was beginning to laugh and talk after its habitual fashion at the play. For some minutes the actual condition of affairs was not even realized behind the scenes. With the exception of myself and one other actor on the stage, nobody believed but what Rutherstone still to quote the technical phrase had altered his "business" on the spur of the moment.

But when Julia had been helped to her feet, and he still made no effort to move, a panic seized those who stood near—a panic which increased to a fearful terror as a thin line of blood began slowly to flow across the boards from beneath his body.

They raised him. He was dead! Already the expression of agony on his face was becoming settled and rigid; and there, upon the very spot where, a few minutes before, he had been going through the mimic show of preparing for his fate, he had met it—and by my hand! But how? What had chanced? As if by magic a surgeon was by his side laying bare his breast, and in a moment the mystery was solved. The ramrod had been left in the pistol, and had gone straight into his heart!

Hours passed before poor Julia could be made to realize this discovery; but no sooner had we there upon the stage made it than, to add to the horror of the situation, a call was raised for the actor in the front of the house, and the band simultaneously struck up the *entr'acte* music.

It was a dreadful moment—too dreadful longer to dwell on. The explanation was simple, and it flowed easily enough from the glib tongue of our smooth-spoken manager. Could he ever hold up his head again? Could he ever forgive himself for his carelessness? From my observation of him subsequently, he did both; but he said—and this, perhaps, was not altogether untrue—that the event had cast a dreadful shadow over the rest of his life; it certainly has over mine. At any rate, as my second, in reloading the pistol for the last time, he pleaded that he must by accident, in the nervousness and excitement of a first night, have forgotten to remove the ramrod. Nothing more could be urged; but it had the effect of making me forswear the player's art; I never could go through the mockery of pretense again.

The barrier to Caugar's alliance with Miss Halworth was removed, but need I say that she never gave her hand to him?

THE ORIGIN OF PHILOPENA.

There was once a beautiful princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and she ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there were a great number, she invented the following device:

To every prince who sought her hand she presented half of a double almond, while she ate the other half, and said: "If your lordship can succeed in getting me to take anything from your hand before I say the word 'I remember,' then I am ready to become your bride. But if, on the contrary, you receive anything from me without thinking to speak these words, then you must agree to have your hair shaven entirely off your head and leave the kingdom."

This, however, was an artful stratagem, for, according to the court custom, no one dared to hand anything directly to the princess, but first to the court lady, who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the princess should desire to give or take anything, who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court lady would step up between, and spoil the best laid plan.

When the princess wished to dispose of one of them she would appear so charming and encouraging to him, that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, then she would seize upon anything near her, as though by accident—"Take this as a remembrance of me," and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him a frog, or a hornet, or a bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then, upon the spot, he was shaven, and away with him. This went on for some years, and in all the palaces of the other kingdoms the princes wore wigs. Thus it came to be the custom from that time.

Finally it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business, and by accident saw the almond princess. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little gray man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came in his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. Now, it was exactly time for him to make use of his apple. So, with the scent from it came this warning:

"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under no circumstances must thou either give or take anything."

So he had his hands bound in his belt, and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The princess was secretly much pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond, which his marshal took and placed in his mouth. The princess inquired what this meant, and, moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.

He replied that at his court the custom was even more strongly enforced than at hers, and he dared not give or take anything with his hands, at the most only with his head and feet. Then the princess laughed and said:

"In this case we will never be able to have our little game together."

He sighed and answered:

"Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots."

"That can never happen!" exclaimed the whole court.

"Why have you come hither?" asked the princess, angrily, "when you have such stupid customs?"

"Because you are so beautiful," replied the prince. "And, if I cannot win you, I may at least have the pleasure of seeing you."

"On the other hand, I have no similar gratification," said she.

So the prince remained at the palace, and he pleased her more and more, but when the humor seized her, she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hand from his girdle and receive something from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bonbons, and trinkets, and finally a bracelet, but not once did he forget and stretch out his hand to take them, for the pressure of the girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he received them saying:—"We remember."

Then the princess would become impatient and would exclaim: "My handkerchief has fallen! Can your lordship pick it up for me?" Whereupon the prince would fasten his spur into it, and wave it carelessly, while the princess would have to bend and remove it from his foot, angrily saying, "I remember."

Thus a year passed away, and the princess said to herself:—

"This cannot remain so. It must be settled one way or the other."

She said to the prince:—

"I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it today."

The prince smelt of his apple, and as they entered the garden, he said:—

"It is very beautiful here, and in order that we may walk near each other in peace, and not be disturbed by the desire to try our game, I beg you, my lady, that, for this one hour, you will take upon you the custom of my court, and let your hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's art, and there will be nothing to annoy us."

The princess did not feel very safe about this arrangement, but he begged so strongly that she could not refuse him this small favor. So they went on alone together, with their hands fastened in their girdles. The birds sang, the sun shone warmly, and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they brushed their cheeks as they passed. The princess saw them and exclaimed:—

"What a pity your lordship is not able to pick a few for me!"

"Necessity knows no law," said the prince, and he broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch, and offered it to the princess from his mouth.

The princess could not do otherwise than receive it from his mouth, and so her face was brought close to his. So when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say that instant, "I remember."

Then he cried, joyfully, "Good morning, much loved one!" and drew his hands from his girdle and embraced her. And they spent the rest of their lives together in perfect peace and quietness.

THE WICKED PRINCE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Once upon a time, there was a wicked and haughty prince, whose thoughts constantly dwelt on how he might subjugate all the nations of the earth, and make his name a terror to all men. He ravaged with fire and sword; his soldiers trod down the grain in the fields; they put the torch to the peasant's cottage so that the red flame licked the very leaves from the trees, and the fruit hung roasted from the black and singed limbs. Many a poor mother, with her babe, hid away behind the smoking ruins, and the soldiers sought her, and found her and the child, and then began their devilish sport; the demons of the pit could do no worse; but the Prince found it all to his liking; day by day he grew mightier, his name was feared by everybody, and good fortune came upon him to his heart's content. From the conquered cities he carried away gold and great treasure, and amassed in his capital such riches as were never before found together in one place. Then he built superb palaces, temples, and arches, and whoever saw his magnificence, exclaimed, "What a great Prince!"—never thinking of the desolation he had brought over many lands, nor listening to the groans and wailings that arose from the cities which fire had laid waste.

The Prince looked upon his gold, upon his superb buildings, and thought, as folks did, "What a great Prince!" "But I wish to have more, much more!" "No power is there that can equal, much less surpass, mine!" And so he went to war with his neighbors and subdued them all. The vanquished kings he chained to his chariot with golden chains, when he drove through the streets; and when he sat down to his table, they were made to lie at his and his courtiers' feet, and eat the morsels that might be thrown to them.

Now the Prince caused his image to be set up in the market-places and in the royal palaces; yea, he would have set it up in the temples before the altar of the Lord; but the priests said, "Prince, thou art great, but God is greater: we dare not do it."

"Well," said the wicked Prince, "then I shall conquer Him likewise!" and in his heart's pride and folly, he built an artfully contrived ship, in which he could sail through the air; it was decked with peacocks' feathers, and seemed spangled with a thousand eyes; but each eye was a gun's mouth, and the Prince sat in the midst of the ship, and, upon his touching a certain spring, a thousand bullets would dart forth, and the guns would at once be loaded afresh. Hundreds of strong eagles were harnessed to the ship, and so it flew away, up towards the sun. The earth lay far beneath; at first it appeared, with its mountains and forests, like a ploughed meadow, with a tuft of green here and there peeping out from under the upturned sod: then it resembled an unrolled map; and presently it was wholly hid in mists and clouds. Higher and higher the eagles flew; when God sent forth a single one of his countless angels, at whom the wicked Prince let fly a thousand bullets; but the bullets dropped like hail from the angel's shining wings, and one drop of blood—but one—dripped from one of the white pinions, and on the ship wherein sat the Prince; it burned itself fast there, and weighed with a weight of a thousand hundred weight and with thundering speed tore the ship down back to the earth. The eagles' strong wings were broken, the winds roared about the Prince's head; and the clouds round about, which had sprung from the smoke of the burned cities, formed themselves into terrific shapes,—anon like mile-long crab-fish, reaching out their huge claws after him,—anon like rolling boulders or like fiery dragons: half dead he lay in his ship, when it finally was caught in the tangled branches of a dense forest.

"I will conquer God!" said he; "I have vowed it, and my will shall be done!" and during seven years he builded artfully contrived vessels, in which to sail through the air, and caused thunderbolts to be forged from the hardest of steel, wherewith to batter down heaven's battlements. From all the countries, he assembled vast armies, which covered many miles of ground in length and breadth, when formed in battle array. They embarked in the artfully built vessels, and already the King himself approached his; when God sent forth a swarm of gnats—one little swarm—which buzzed about the King, and stung his face and hands. In anger he drew his sword; but he beat the void air only: the gnats he could not strike. Whereupon he commanded that costly cloths be brought, and wrapped about him, so that no gnat might reach him with its sting. It was done as he had commanded; but one little gnat had lodged itself in the folds of the inmost cloth, and crept into the King's ear and stung him; the sting smarted as fire, the poison flew up into his head; he tore himself lose, flung the cloths far away, rent his garments asunder, and danced naked before the rough and savage soldiers, who now mocked the mad Prince that had set out to besiege God, and had been himself undone by one tiny gnat.

THE LATEST METHOD.—The latest method of spending the "honeymoon" is reported from Italy. An American recently met at Rome an old school-fellow whom he had not seen for years. "You here?" "Yes, my dear fellow; I have just been married, and am come to spend the honeymoon in Italy." "And your wife?" "My wife? Oh, I left her in New York!"

WHILE THE CORN IS GENTLY WAVING.

BY ALFRED W. MUNKITTRICK.

While the corn is gently waving,
And the stars are shining bright,
Then I'll rove with Annie darling
In the clear and stilly night;
And we'll listen to the music
Of the gentle zephyr's call,
And we'll watch the sparkling dewdrops
That upon the meadows fall.

While the corn is gently waving,
And the sky is bright and clear,
Then I'll rove into the valley
With my darling Annie near:
And we'll pluck the yellow daisies
That among the grasses grow,
And sip the crystal nectar
From the brooklet's gentle flow.

While the corn is gently waving
We will watch the laboring train,
With the sweat upon their foreheads,
Gathering in their harvest grain;
While the orchards low are hanging
With the golden, mellow fruit,
And the woods around are cheerful
With the robin's joyful note.

While the corn is gently waving,
Then will come the happy day,
To the little church we'll wander
With our spirits light and gay;
When the harvest time is over
Then the days will sweetly glide,
For my life will e'er be happy
With dear Annie for my bride.

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

The town of Cleghorn was in a state of fearful tumult. Armed with heavy sticks, with pickaxes, and spades, with sledge-hammers, and many other dangerous weapons, the infuriated rioters were dealing destruction on all around them; breaking into dwelling-houses, and tradesmen's shops, and seizing on almost every article of value they could find there.

The soldiers, as they marched forward into the town, were received with yells and showers of stones. But with their bayonets pointed, the men rushed on, driving the dense mob before them.

Presently, a huge stone, flung by one of the retreating crowd, struck an officer, and Colonel Symure, who was just about to command his men, his temple wounded and bleeding, dropped to the ground.

Then there ensued a scene of confusion, and of terrible slaughter, during which time the Colonel's insensible form was lifted up, and carried into a neighboring hotel, where surgical assistance was immediately procured.

The Colonel was found to be seriously injured, and a messenger was at once despatched to inform his wife of his sad condition.

For several hours, Colonel Symure was wholly insensible; but when Caroline and Percy arrived on the following morning, the injured man was violently delirious, and surgeons from around the whole neighborhood were gathered about his bed.

For days and days the Colonel remained in the same disturbed and painful state; and now the doctors were beginning to shake their heads, and Percy and Caroline were filled with apprehensions, thinking that the dark messenger was approaching one belonging to them.

Coldly and mechanically enough, did Caroline perform her wifely duties. She had but little affection for the suffering man, and she would not grieve very much to lose him. As for Percy, he was blaming his unlucky stars, and wishing himself miles and miles away from Cleghorn and his sick brother's bedside, back with Lucy again, or, in fact, anywhere at all, so long as he were far removed from this scene of trouble and pain.

Percy was both idle and selfish, and could not endure the confinement of a sick room; his brother would get on just as well without as with him; so, pretending that he was wanted in town, he suddenly departed, and left Caroline alone with her husband.

She knew her own selfish nature, therefore she little wondered at her brother-in-law's heartless conduct.

The Colonel was somewhat better; but it would be many weeks before he would be well enough to be removed home.

All this while, Colonel Symure was excessively restless and impatient, and none could tell the reason why, since the doctor had assured him that he was progressing most favorably, and strictly enjoined him to keep himself perfectly quiet and still.

But the Colonel was altogether heedless of their injunction, and was constantly demanding

newspapers, and working himself into a state of fever because his demands were not attended to.

He was weaker than a little child, else he would have evaded the vigilance of his watchers, and flown back to Braymount, to the assistance of his son—to the assistance of the helpless Desmoro.

Bitterly the Colonel reflected upon the unfeeling behavior of his brother at this time. Percy had deserted him in his hour of sore distress—in the darkest hour he had ever known.

Percy might have aided him much, instead of which he had left him in all his helplessness and affliction, at a moment when he would have given worlds for the presence of a sincere friend.

At length, wearied by her husband's importunities respecting the newspapers he required Caroline procured several Braymount *Advertisers*, and placed them in his hands, which were eagerly stretched out to receive them.

Propped up by pillows, the invalid's eyes impatiently scanned column after column of the first sheet, then he took up a second and searched that in the same anxious manner, his hands and lips trembling, and his heart beating wildly all the while.

All at once he uttered a cry, a loud, piercing cry, and fell back, amongst his pillows in strong convulsions.

He had read that Desmoro Desmoro had been tried and found guilty of the fearful charge preferred against him, and that he was sentenced to be transported for the term of his natural life, which piece of appalling intelligence, like a flash of heaven's lightning, had struck the Colonel down, and stolen away his senses for a time.

Mrs. Symure was perfectly astounded at this strange incident.

"Wherefore had her husband fainted?" she mentally asked herself, as she rang the bell to summon assistance.

Colonel Symure did not recover his consciousness for some hours. And now he fell into a sickness of mind and body both against which he appeared to make no effort whatever. He seemed resigned, nay, wishful, to die; but the Almighty had yet to scourge him further, the Colonel had still more suffering to endure.

They carried him from place to place, but he failed to find rest anywhere, and his old strength refused to come back to him.

And he was very miserable, also, with no one near him in whom he could confide. He wrote, asking Percy to come to him; but that gentleman replied that he had had some twinges of the gout lately, and was anticipating a serious attack of it.

Percy's answer did not surprise the Colonel; indeed, it was only such as he had expected to receive at his brother's selfish hands.

How Colonel Symure moaned over and regretted the past, now—now, when it was too late for him to repair the terrible wrongs that he had done in the past!

If Caroline's suspicious, shrewish temper embittered her husband's life when in health, how little he was able to endure that temper now that he was bowed down by secret sorrow and illness! But he let her say her say, and tried to close his ears to all her sharp words and cruel speeches. He thought that her tongue was one of the punishments to which he had been condemned, and he strove to bear it patiently, feeling that he richly deserved all its stings, and much more besides.

At this time, Caroline repeated to her husband the old, old tale. She was weary of a military life, and ordered him to sell out or retire from it. But the Colonel would not do either one or the other, and so he plainly told his wife.

Then she would leave him, she said.

He made no rejoinder. She could do just as she pleased, he would not put any obstacle in the way of her wishes. Perhaps, it would be better for both of them to be separated; they were not happy together; parted, they might be so.

So Caroline left her husband. She had plenty of money; and having, besides, a taste for worldly pleasures, she at once plunged into them.

Colonel Symure felt his freedom, and rejoiced at it; and, thus left to himself, his former strength, by degrees, returned to him. Yes, he was far, far happier alone; he was rejoiced at his present condition, and earnestly hoped that Caroline would never disturb it again.

And time progressed; and at length the Colonel had regained his former state of health, and rejoined his regiment.

And now we will leave him, and return to our halpless hero.

With his white face buried in his clasped hands, Desmoro sat in his cell. He was condemned, disgraced eternally, and banished from his native land for aye—and all this for no fault of his own.

The kind-hearted Jellico had done everything he could in order to prove the innocence of his unfortunate *protégé;* but all the worthy manager's endeavours in that respect had proved unavailing.

Desmoro was pronounced guilty, and sentenced accordingly.

Jellico, himself, had but little interest to exert in favor of our hero, so he wrote to Ralph Thetford, asking him if he could aid the young convict in any way. But, alas, for disappointments! Ralph was gone to France, and was not expected to return home for some time.

In the course of a few days, Desmoro was to sail—to sail for his home of exile—and his pent-up feelings had given way, on reflecting how soon he should have to quit his native land—the land in which sweet Comfort dwelt.

He was aroused by the entrance of Jellico, who had come in order to take leave of him.

"Come, my lad, bear up," said the manager, seeing Desmoro's tears.

"Oh, sir, you still believe me to be innocent of this hideous crime for which I am thus being made to suffer?"

"Let my presence here answer that question," replied Jellico. "Did I think you guilty, I should show you by my acts that I thought you so."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," sobbed Desmoro, the full tide of his grief gushing forth. "And now, sir, yet another question. Have you heard anything of the Shavings?"

"No, not a single word."

Desmoro clasped his hands, and wrung them despairingly.

"They will never learn my dreadful fate, I trust," said he, with a shudder. "It would break my heart entirely, did I imagine that Comfort Shavings would ever scorn my name," he added, his eyes brimming over, his voice choked with emotion.

Jellico was almost unmanned. Desmoro's tears and despair touched the manager's sensitive heart, and made it ache for the young convict's friendless and degraded position.

But Jellico had no power to alleviate Desmoro's troubles, Jellico was a ruined man.

"I wish I were dead, sir!" wailed the young prisoner,—"dead, dead—and at rest for ever! I don't see that such a desire on my part is at all wicked; for what have I to live for now but ignominy and sorrow? I feel that my breast is growing hard, and that many sinful thoughts have crept into it. But I am better in your presence—more likely my old self, sir. Yet, when I am once more alone, those bitter feelings, I fear, will return to me with redoubled strength. I never yet did ill; but I have begun to think that a day will arrive when Desmoro Desmoro will shudder to hear his own name pronounced—when his hands will not be pure as now."

"Desmoro, for heaven's sake, do not let me hear you talk thus!" cried Jellico.

"Sir, I shall be driven to do wrong — I am sure I shall!" was the passionate answer. "I cannot stand in the open face of day now; for men will point at me derisively, and shun me like a loathsome thing. Since such is the case, will you wonder when you shall learn that I have become a desperate fellow, and have taught men to fear me? You don't know, sir, how this cruel injustice has changed my whole nature! I feel full of hatred, and as pitiless as a hungry tiger. Let the world, then, henceforth beware of me; I am only what it has made me!"

"Desmoro, I tremble to listen to your words! Pray—pray to our Father in heaven, and ask Him to grant you patience and forbearance, under this your heavy trial?"

"I have prayed, Mr. Jellico—prayed with my whole heart and soul; and behold my state—behold the reward I have reaped, the———"

"Desmoro, this is impious!" interrupted the manager, in a shocked tone. "I would rather see you in tears, full of wailing lamentations, than hear you give utterance to such sentiments as these!"

The young convict gnawed his white lips, and tightly wrung his hands.

"Let them send me across the sea," he muttered, between his set teeth,—"let them heap upon my head wrong upon wrong; I will pay them back some day—I will not die their debtor."

Jellico stared at the speaker, unwilling to credit the evidence of his ears. He was beginning to think that Desmoro was taking leave of his senses, for he had never before seen him so fearfully excited—never before heard him utter such despairing and vengeful words.

At length, Desmoro grew calmer, and Jellico bade him a kind and affectionate farewell, and left him.

The convict then threw himself upon his mattress, and there lay, without sound or motion, in a sort of stupor, out of which he was not aroused until the gaoler came to tell him that the prison-car was waiting to convey him to Liverpool, whence he was to sail for Sydney, New South Wales.

CHAPTER XVIII.

My readers must now leap with me over six long years, and suffer me to conduct them into the presence of our hero, who is now a tall man of herculean build, with a face full of masculine beauty and softness.

He wears his hair rather long, has a fine beard, and a well trimmed, silken moustache. He is dressed in somewhat rough habiliments; has on huge riding-boots, with jingling spurs; a velveteen shooting-coat; and a cabbage-tree hat, which is low in the crown, and wide in the brim. You might take him for a stockman, or for any other honest fellow, did you not see a pair of revolvers in his broad leather belt, and a certain air of watchfulness in his large, violet-tinted eyes.

He is sitting on a hillock, leaning on his gun, the knotty arms of the white gum-trees twisted in graceful and fantastic arches over his head—a thick brushwood to his right and to his left—the highway before him. He is in the attitude of a listener, and is evidently in expectation of some one; for his quick orbs are peering through a network of interlacing vines of various kinds, behind which he is screened from the road and observation.

While he is thus employed, I will, as briefly as possible, recount to you all that has happened to Desmoro since you last parted with him, and wherefore you behold him as now.

When he arrived in that colony, he was placed in the prisoners' barrack, Hyde Park, herded with hundreds of other degraded and unhappy men, many of whom had resolved to seize on the first chance of reformation afforded them, while others were only awaiting opportunities of committing further wrong—of increasing the already long list of their wicked deeds.

During a five months' voyage, in the close society of three hundred convicts, Desmoro had learned many sad lessons, and had become familiarized with many revolting scenes as well. But, notwithstanding all he had heard and witnessed, his mind received no evil impressions; his lofty spirit kept him aloof, and preserved him from all taint—from all ill.

He spoke to none, unless he was compelled so to do, and he was always quiet and well-conducted; and, although he carried himself proudly, and with the air of a prince, he was ever ready to lend assistance in cases of sickness, or where his aid would be appreciated.

The captain and the other officers of the ship remarked the gentle bearing of the young convict, and felt much interested in him.

It was strange, but, despite his repelling ways towards all, nearly every prisoner on board sought Desmoro, and made friendly advances towards him. But Desmoro was like a man of stone—cold, and hard, and inaccessible to all.

His brother prisoners wondered at him, but they did not blame him for thus keeping himself apart from them. Indeed, Desmoro had become a source of considerable speculation amongst his fellow-captives, whom he had inspired with a great deal of curiosity, and with some respect and admiration as well.

"It's strange," one would say, when talking of our hero, "but I can't make out how he's come to be a lifer. He's so young, and so much of the gentleman, too!"

"Have you seen his red hand?" asked another. "They say that was evidence against him, and caused his condemnation."

Desmoro's number was two hundred and sixty! but amongst his brother prisoners, from one end of the vessel to the other, he was known only as "Red Hand."

Desmoro no longer quailed or showed displeasure, as heretofore, at the mention of that *soubriquet;* no, he seemed rather to like it now. But whether he liked it or not was a matter of no consequence whatever, since he could not have controlled the speech of three hundred men.

"What can you do?" inquired one of the prison officials, soon after our hero had arrived in Sidney.

"Nothing," was the brief rejoinder, spoken in calm, indifferent tones.

"Nothing!"

"Well, I can read and write; I understand Latin, and know something of Greek; can speak French and read it; am well versed in——"

"That will do!" returned the official, brusquely. "We've had quite enough of that sort of rubbish, which will be of no earthly service to you here, where you'll maybe be employed on the roads or in breaking stones."

Desmoro shivered slightly, and smiled a grim smile, and the man went on, in taunting accents.

"And if you should chance not to like such work, and should turn rebellious, you'll very likely get a cool fifty!"

"Fifty—what?" uttered Desmoro.

"Why, fifty lashes!"

"Lashes!" flashed the convict, his cheeks flushing, his eyes seeming to dart living fire.

"Ay, a good flogging now and then often does many of your sort a great benefit; it helps to cool their impudence and keep down their pluck! Take my advice, youngster, and subdue yours, else you may live to rue it'"

Desmoro was silent. The iron in his bosom was becoming harder and harder.

"It strikes me that you are one of the obstinate ones," pursued the official, fixing his keen eyes on the convict.

"I'm just what I've been made," was the muttered and dogged rejoinder, made in a voice too low to reach the officer's ear.

"Now, look here, youngster, here's a carpenter in want of an assistant. Do you think you could manage to use the saw and the plane? Such will be easier labor than breaking stones on the highway."

"Very likely," replied our hero, haughtily.

"Well?"

"My hands have had no acquaintance with such articles as saws and planes."

"Indeed!" sneered the official, making a mocking bow to Desmoro. "Well, here's a tailor and a shoemaker wanted; what says your high mightiness to one of these trades?"

The convict's lips curled scornfully, but never a word did he reply.

"It occurs to me, young man, that you'll be getting yourself into a worse position than your present one. Take care! This is not a place where men can presume to give themselves any airs! You are government property now, you must remember! You belong to your country, which same country won't stand any nonsense, I can tell you!"

The prisoner made no answer to the official's vulgar and unfeeling speech.

"Now, here's a gardener required," pursued the man, reading from a written list in his hands. "Well?"

"I'll dig the earth cheerfully, sir," answered Desmoro, "for none can feel disgraced by such an occupation."

The man looked into the speaker's face with amazement written on his own.

"Oh, you'll undertake the situation of gardiner, eh?"

"Yes, although I know nothing at all about the business. I can scarcely distinguish the difference betwixt a plant and a weed, and I know not one seed from another."

"But you'll try to learn, I suppose?"

"Perhaps!"

"You'll be compelled; else, as I told you before, you'll be sent to break stones!"

"Perhaps!"

"What do you mean by that?" fumed the man, reddened with anger. "I'm not going to stand here to be browbeaten and insulted by you, I can tell you, you red-handed thief you——"

But there the official's speech stopped short; a heavy blow from Desmoro's hand had checked his cruel words, and stretched him prostrate on the ground.

The convict did not stir. He knew well what he had done, and how he would be punished for this act of violence.

He was already surrounded and seized by some men, who had been near at the time when he dealt the blow. Desmoro could not escape from their hold, nor did he attempt to do so. He stood apparently quite collected and defiant, heedless of everything.

He was soon put in irons and thrust into a dark, loathsome cell, where for a time he was left to his own sorrowful and harrassing reflections.

What had he done? This time, at least, his manacles were deserving. What would they do to him? Perhaps the blow he had just dealt might prove fatal; if so, what would be Desmoro's fate?

The unhappy young man sat on his litter of straw, and beat the stone walls of his narrow prison until his hands were bruised and wounded all over, his eyes burning, his bosom brimful of apprehension all the while.

Oh, how his proud soul had been stung and goaded almost into madness! Well, perchance he might live to avenge all his manifold injuries. He was longing that he might do so—longing with all his strength.

Well, hour after hour passed away—a whole night, during which by turns he dreamed of his old grandfather, the village-schoolmaster; of the clown and his fair daughter; of Jellico; of the wretch Pidgers; and of the dead Mrs. Polderbrant. Comfort was weeping, he thought, and avoided the touch of his proferred hand; and Jellico and Mrs. Polderbrant looked angrily upon him, and then turned aside their heads as if they wished to shun him; while Pidgers was grinning in fiendish glee, and rubbing his knotted fingers according to his wont.

In the eyes of the law here Desmoro's late offence was regarded as one most grave, and a heavy punishment was adjudged him for it. He was sentenced to receive fifty lashes and to be shut up ten days in solitary confinement.

Desmoro heard his doom with white quivering features and a shrinking heart. He was not fearing the bodily pain that was about to be inflicted on him; he was thinking only of the humiliation and disgrace which would soon be his. But he would be firm through it all; he would not give utterance to a single cry.

And the young convict maintained his resolution; and blow after blow descended on his shoulders, drawing from them the warm purple stream of life. Yet he did not once shrink, or wince, or even sigh. He was mute and motionless in his anguish.

After this cruel abasement Desmoro was once more thrown into his cell, and there left, with smarting flesh and aching breast, a prey to a score of rebellious and frenzied thoughts.

Oh, the weariness of those long, long days of darkness and lonely bondage! Would they never end? Was he never to see the blessed daylight more—never to breathe the fresh, pure air again?

"Patience—patience!" a voice seemed to cry in his ear. "A time will come when thou mayst avenge all these sufferings and wrongs of thine!"

Was not this an evil choice—the voice of Satan himself? Assuredly it was. But whosesoever voice it was, Desmoro listened to and heeded it.

The time of his solitary imprisonment having expired, our hero was now assigned as an undergardener to a certain Dutch naval captain, now retired and living at his ease, who had a wife many years younger than himself, and whose name was Volderbond—Carl Volderbond.

Desmoro managed to dig and delve, and to follow the instructions given him by the head gardener, and matters went on pretty smoothly with our hero now. But his bosom was full of gloomy thoughts and unhappiness.

Captain Volderbond was a rich man, and his governement servants were not condemned to retain their hideous prison garments, but were allowed comfortable and becoming wearing-apparel. He was a rough, sailor-like, honest-hearted, generous-souled being, who had a wish to see contented faces all around him. His wife was an East Indian, with a dash of negro blood in her veins, and a countenance and figure truly beautiful, but owning a temper and disposition full of grave faults and ugly deformities. But unable to see those faults and deformities the old captain petted and indulged her to the utmost of his power—humoring her caprices and gratifying all her extravagant and fantastical whims, never grudging his gold or his pains, so long as he could but succeed in ministering to her desires, and in satisfying her.

Olympia was just twenty summers old, and she had been Madame Volderbond for upwards of four years. For four years too long, she thought, for she hated her husband, and treated him with great ingratitude and unkindness.

Now the garden belonging to Volderbond House was full of choice plants and flowers, and a favorite retreat of Olympia's. There was an orange-walk there, and also an avenue made shaded and cool by a rich, luxuriant vine, whose purple grapes, covered with beautiful bloom, hung most temptingly around you, wooing you to pluck them, and to taste their sweetness.

The head gardener, having instructed our hero what to do, he was one day sent to work in the avenue, which he entered at the same time with Madame Volderbond, whom Desmoro had never seen until this moment.

But he took no heed of the presence of the lady, but pursued his business; and, occupied by his own thoughts, soon forgot that she was near him.

He was mounted on a ladder, his head half buried in the leafty vine, when a female voice accosted him.

"I want some flowers, gardener; come down, and gather me a bouquet, will you?" said the voice, in very languid tones.

Desmoro glanced down at the speaker, who was none other than his mistress, the beautiful young wife of Captain Volderbond.

Desmoro descended the ladder at once.

"What's your name?" queried madame, curiously surveying our hero. "I haven't seen you before, have I? You are one newly come here, are you not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am Madame Volderbond," she said.

"I guessed as much, madame."

"You surely are not a prisoner?" she added, glancing at the young man's closely-shorn head.

Desmoro flushed scarlet, and bowed affirmatively.

"What is your name?"

He repeated it,

"Would you like to be employed in-doors, at tasks less laborious than garden work?" she asked, looking at him somewhat admiringly, her accents less languid than before.

"No, thank you, madame?" he answered, very quietly and firmly, his eyes seeking the ground.

"You are not a common man," proceeded she —"I know you are not! You are gently born, gently bred likewise. Come and gather me some flowers. I like you, and will be your friend, if you will let me," she added, abruptly leading the way out of the avenue, her companion following her quite bewildered, and as if in a dream.

Olympia was so lovely and graceful, and her tones had in them such melting sweetness that he was fascinated by her, and he felt ready to attend her steps, no matter whither such might lead him.

He gathered her flowers, as he did so tastefully arranging them in his hand until the bouquet was completed.

"Oh, charming!" she exclaimed, clapping her dusky hands, the fingers of which were glistening with sparkling gems. "Henceforth, I shall always get you to arrange my bouquets. You class the colors so artistically, and all is done with such neatness and despatch. Thank you very much, Desmoro," she continued, with a nod of her head. And she was gone, her ebon locks fluttering in the warm breeze, her soft muslin robe floating around her exquisitely-moulded figure.

Like one entranced, Desmoro stood watching her receding form. She had addressed him by name as familiarly as if she had been acquainted with him for years and years, and there had been no haughtiness in her syllables or looks, she had been all kindness and gentleness to him.

Desmoro went back to his task with his thoughts full of Madame Volderbond, whose silver and liquid accents were still resounding in his ears.

Before his mental vision he recalled her dazzling face, which he meditated over until he seemed to forget everything else. He could well have fancied that he had been visited by some spirit of another world, for she had seemed far too bright to be an inhabitant of this.

On the following day, Olympia again appeared before him; and again Desmoro plucked flowers and arranged them for her as before; while she talked to him freely, and looked into his eyes with a melting expression in her own, an expression such as he had never seen in any woman's eyes till now.

Desmoro was becoming more and more entranced by the charms of his lovely mistress, and he used to deem the day dark until it was brightened by her all-resplendent presence.

Olympia always sought Desmoro alone; never on any occasion was she accompanied by her husband, whom she rarely mentioned in her conversation, save as her "Dutch boor."

Desmoro was gradually approaching the brink of a fearful precipice; but he was unconscious of that fact, wholly unconscious of the danger of the intercourse he was so enjoying.

Madame Volderbond had most fascinating manners; and although she could not talk either cleverly or well, she had a way of chattering prettily of mere nothings, and a way of making you listen to her likewise.

With such uncongenial and coarse associations as now were Desmoro's, he was truly grateful to have a chance of listening to a refined tongue, even though that tongue had little wisdom or information in it. He could not talk to the government men and women who were immediately around him—he could not so far humiliate himself as to do that; hence it was that he experienced a double pleasure in these his meetings with the glittering Madame Volderbond, whose wondrous charms of person for a time completely blinded Desmoro's senses, and prevented him from seeing her natural self, and detecting her heartless, wicked character. To him she appeared a creature all perfection, one far fitter for heaven than earth; and what she seemed he believed her to be.

But what experience could one so young as Desmoro be expected to have in the ways of woman-kind? His chief knowledge of the female sex he had acquired in the society of one of heaven's purest daughters, in that of Comfort Shavings, whom he appeared to be fast losing the memory of.

In this intoxicating dream in which Desmoro was now wrapped, he partly forgot his state, so odious and degrading, and for awhile his bitter and vindictive feelings slumbered—lulled to rest by a false woman's smile.

Now, notwithstanding all her personal allurements, there were times when Madame Volderbond's levity of manner rather shocked Desmoro's naturally delicate mind. But the shock only lasted one brief moment, for Olympia's fascinating looks could wipe from his remembrance every other thing.

Months went by, and daily, as of old, came Madame Volderbond to Desmoro for her bouquet of fresh flowers. To be sure, she might have sent her maid for it, but Olympia preferred to seek the young gardener herself, for she admired his manly beauty—now in its first bloom and heedless, quite, of his position, she was anxious to see how deeply she could enthrall him. She had marked over and over again how his eyes danced at her approach, how the crimson would mantle his cheeks at the mere sound of her voice, and how he would stammer and falter in his speech when such was directed to herself. Olympia was an adept in all the signs that love puts forth, and she fully understood all Desmoro's feelings, and wickedly rejoiced at them.

As yet, Desmoro's soul was entirely unstained by any act of actual dishonor; but by degrees his thoughts were beginning to wander from the straight path, and the gloss of his bright character was becoming somewhat dimmed and tarnished.

Desmoro felt the change that was taking place within him; he felt that he was about to fall into Satan's clutches, and yet he quailed not. His good name had been most cruelly despoiled and ruined; but he was now fast losing his self-respect and esteem.

Well, what mattered! thought he, the world had crushed him, and, therefore, why should he care for its forms or its rules? As he had been abused, so he would abuse others; of what worth were your moral laws and moral codes? A life of free thought and free action for him!

Thus argued Desmoro within himself as he endeavored to stifle, one by one, the noblest and loveliest traits in his character.

But neither man nor woman, naturally gifted with high principles, can thoroughly uproot truth. There is no earthly wrong that can utterly pervert a truly honest nature: injury may warp it, but it can do no more.

Desmoro had not forgotten that vow of his, made long ago: he was in the full recollection of it, and was mentally renewing it; renewing it over and over again.

Olympia had fascinated and bewildered Desmoro's senses: but that was all; no real love for her had been awakened in his breast. Yet the passionate sentiments with which she had inspired him were of a powerful nature, and such as might lead him to positive destruction. Of course, he did not close his eyes to the fact of his wrong-doing; he could not but remember that she was a married woman, and that he was encouraging sinful thoughts and feelings regarding her.

Desmoro had no suspicion of the worthlessness of Madame Volderbond; he saw that she was beautiful, and he sought to know no more about her.

Now Olympia was in the habit of getting our hero to perform little commissions for her; of getting him to perform little journeys to Sydney in order to purchase this or that article for her; saying that none understood how to fulfil her wishes so well as Desmoro, who was only too pleased to be of service to her in any way.

One day the old Captain fell seriously ill, and took to his bed. But that fact did not deter Olympia from fetching her bouquet as usual, nor did it cast a single shadow on her smooth brow.

"Desmoro," said she, as she bent her face over the bunch of perfumed blossoms in her hand. And then she paused, hesitating how to further proceed.

He was standing opposite to her, eagerly awaiting her words.

"You have heard that the Captain is ill?" she went on, in an awkward manner.

"Yes, madame, I am sorry to say."

"You are sorry because a stupid old man is ill? I am not sorry, nor do I believe that you are so," she replied, fixing her eyes on him, as if she would read him through and through.

He stared at her in mute amazement, at which she laughed, a strange, discordant laugh, such as we might expect to hear in the realms of the forgotten and accursed.

"Pshaw! why do you thus regard me, astonishment in all your looks?" proceeded Olympia, in flippant and mocking accents. "Listen to me, Desmoro, you must not tell me any fibs; tell as many, such as you please, to others, but none to me. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, madame," he answered.

"You are not sorry to hear of the Captain's illness, you know you're not!"

"I do not understand you, madame!" stammered he, his face of a scarlet hue.

"No?"

"No, indeed, madame."

Again she fixed her large dark orbs upon his face.

"Do I not understand you?" she asked, with emphasis, now dropping her gaze, and burying her cheeks in the scented leaves in her hands.

He shivered all over, and an icy hand seemed suddenly to clutch his heart.

"Now, confess!" she cried. "You must confess—I'll force you to do so!"

They were in a leafy retreat, at the extremity of the grounds, and safe from all observation.

"What shall I confess?" he returned, confusedly—"what have I to confess?"

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed, with an impatient burst. "You are downright stupid, and won't comprehend! You know you love me!" she added, her soft voice softer than ever on his ear—her bold gaze fixed on his changing features.

He did not make any reply. His brain had suddenly grown dizzy, and his senses were all confounded.

His wily, wicked companion was narrowly watching him. Ah, little did Desmoro suspect her treachery and guilt—little did he imagine the foul spirit that was hidden 'neath her mask of beauty!

"Well?" said she, in a questioning tone.

"Madame Volderbond surely forgets that she is addressing only a poor bondsman, branded and disgraced, and that her husband is still alive?"

"Were he dead—what then?" she abruptly inquired. "Captain Volderbond is not well," she proceeded in marked syllables. "He is an old man, and may not live through this attack of illness."

The lips which spoke these heartless words were beautifully chiseled, and the accents of the speaker low and musical.

Desmoro trembled. He was standing on the verge of a terrible abyss. One step forward, and he would be plunged into everlasting perdition and horror. In his eyes, his temptress was appearing lovelier than ever, and, consequently, his position was becoming a still more dangerous one.

Desmoro listened to his companion—he could not help doing so—and, at length, she won from him a declaration of his love—a feverish gush of empty words, dictated on the impulse of an unguarded moment, in answer to a lovely woman's vows of never-ending adoration.

Can you wonder at Desmoro's weakness on this occasion? Can you wonder that he was won to hearken to this most evil temptress?

"And, should the Captain die, Desmoro, we will wed," said she, her treacherous eyes looking into his. "I shall be rich, and our happiness will be certain."

He heard her accents, and listened to them as in a dream—bewildered, intoxicated, and troubled by turns.

Once or twice he mentally asked himself whether he were acting rightly or not. But he soon thrust the question aside, determined not to distress himself with any more queries about the matter.

Yet Desmoro was far from feeling easy in his mind. He had a vague presentiment of some approaching misfortune—of some huge calamity to himself—and his bosom was besieged with sad alarm.

On the following day, Captain Volderbond was much worse, and a doctor was sent for.

Desmoro, whose brain was now cooler, was praying that the Captain might recover. Had Desmoro been the master of his own actions, it is probable that he would have flown far, far away from Olympia—that he would have avoided altogether the sinful snares she had laid for him. As it was he could do nothing but suffer affairs to take their own course.

Olympia had so frequently commissioned Desmoro to go to the chemist's for sundry drugs, that he felt no surprise at her sending him on that errand now. In the days of which I write, poisonous drugs were easier obtained than now. You had only to go to a chemist's shop, to state what you wanted, and put down the money for it, and all was right.

Desmoro's hair had now grown to a respectable length, his linen garments were of good material and make: he bore about him no outward marks of his degraded position, and therefore he had no difficulty in obtaining any article he wanted, having the money to pay for such.

He was in the habit of going to one particular shop—a shop in Hunter Street, kept by a Doctor Nielson. Hitherto, the apprentice boy had served him; now, it was the doctor himself who attended to his wants.

"What is your name?" demanded the doctor, as he took down a jar.

"Why do you ask?" returned Desmoro, somewhat haughtily.

"Because the drug you ask for is poisonous, and it is my duty to inquire what you are going to do with it." explained the doctor.

"It is for Madame Volderbond, of Volderbond House, South Head Road," said Desmoro, very frankly.

"That will do. I know the lady well," rejoined the doctor, weighing the required article, and giving it to his customer.

"Stay; for fear of accident, I will write poison on the outside of the packet."

Desmoro handed back his purchase, and the doctor labelled it poison.

Then Desmoro quitted the shop, and wended his way back home, reaching which, he immediately sought the presence of Madame Volderbond, into whose hands he at once placed the dangerous drug. As he did so, he silently pointed to the written word.

She paled suddenly, then laughed lightly, but with a certain uneasiness of manner, which did not escape the observation of Desmoro.

"Doctor Nielson is an old dolt," she uttered, as she tore the label off the package. "You did not, I hope, gratify his curiosity by telling him who the stuff was for?" she added, in a tone of anxious inquiry.

"He questioned me concerning the matter, and I spoke the truth," he answered.

"Well, it is of no consequence," madame rejoined. "I have simply an objection to making strangers as wise as myself, that's all."

All that night Desmoro was unable to close his eyes in sleep; he was thinking of the sick Captain Volderbond, and of the poison he had been to fetch for madame, and his brain was all doubt, commotion and pain.

On the following morning, the old Captain was reported as being much worse, and the doctor gave no hope whatever of his recovery.

The medical man was perplexed to understand the old man's malady, and he said as much to Madame Volderbond, who listened to him with her handkerchief pressed close to her eyes, her bosom upheaving all the while, as if she were quite convulsed with violent emotion.

Another day went by. The Captain was now insensible, and those around him were each moment expecting to see him draw his last breath. Olympia was by his bedside, looking deadly pale, and apparently much distressed.

At length, the writhing form before her was still, and the labored breathing had ceased—Captain Volderbond was at rest.

The widow inherited all the dead man's wealth, and looked bright and contented in her weeds. Olympia was a free woman, for her husband, she reflected, could not come out of his grave to claim her.

"So Captain Volderbond is gone from amongst us," said Doctor Nielson to one of his professional brethren. "What ailed the old gentleman—he seemed well enough when I met him last, now about a fortnight ago?"

The person addressed shook his head.

"You ask me what was the matter with the Captain? On my honor, as a medical man, I do not know. I attended him, and prescribed for him—first this medicine, and then that, all the while in a state of perplexity concerning the nature of his disease. Had he died under any other circumstances, I should have stated that he had been treated unfairly—in other words, that he had been poisoned."

"Heavens!" exclaimed his listener. "Poisoned, Durgan! Who would poison him?"

"Now, don't run away with a false impression, my dear fellow; I say, had the Captain had any other than that lovely creature for his wife, I should have suspected that he had been hurried out of the world in order that she might obtain full possession of all his money."

Doctor Nielson pondered for a few seconds; he appeared to be searching his memory for something or other—for some circumstance that he had almost forgotten, but which was now gradually rising to the surface of his recollection.

"His sickness presented symptoms of poison, you say, eh?"

"I fancied so," returned Doctor Durgan; nay, I could almost swear to the fact."

"That Captain Volderbond died from the effects of some life-destroying drug?"

"Precisely."

"And such is my impression also," returned Doctor Nielson.

"Your impression, my dear fellow?" repeated his friend, in great astonishment. "I don't exactly undersand you."

"I dare say you don't," answered the other. "Now, listen to me! Only the other day, Madame Volderbond sent here for a certain quantity of arsenic!"

"Great powers! is it possible?"

"It is not only possible, but true!"

"Nielson, you astound me! There must be some mistake! Madame Volderbond could not commit such a cruel and dreadful deed!"

"That remains to be proved, my friend. What could she want with arsenic?"

"Why did you not ask that simple but necessary question when you sold her the drug?"

Doctor Nielson shook his head by way of reply.

"I don't think, as honest men, that we ought to keep our suspicions to ourselves," he said after a pause.

"What would you advise?"

"Well, I have a visit of a professional nature to make this evening to Judge Donnithorn, to whom I shall mention this case and all its bearing. Of course, I have your free permission to do so?"

"Assuredly."

"For the present, then, good day; you shall hear further from me to-morrow."

And with these words, the two medicos parted.

(To be continued.)

J. MEYER states that the injurious effects of mercury upon women engaged in the so-called silvering—really amalgamating with tin and mercury—of mirrors and looking-glasses may be prevented by sprinkling from one-half to one litre of strong ammonia every evening on the floor of the workshop.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873.

"THE FAVORITE"

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ANOTHER NEW STORY.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with the world renowned author

MISS M. E. BRADDON

for the production here, simultaneously with its appearance in London, of her new serial story,

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS

which will be commenced in an early number, and be handsomely

ILLUSTRATED BY OUR ARTIST.

Miss Braddon's reputation as an author is too well established to need any comment from us. Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of enjoying "Lady Audley's Secret," "To the Bitter End," "The Outcasts," or any of her other works will, no doubt, be glad of an opportunity to peruse her latest production as speedily as it is written.

PERSISTENT MISREPRESENTATION.

The correspondents of the American papers seem to take a malicious pleasure in misrepresenting our affairs, which not even the blunders of the French papers, when referring to English life, can equal. To say that the American papers wilfully and "with evil prepense and malice aforethought," told lies about Canada would be using rather strong language, but language very much like the truth; and it begins to look very much as if the United States were becoming a little jealous of the Dominion, and were trying to injure our future prospects. The States are at present engaged in a gigantic conflict with a terrible enemy—the Modoc tribe of Indians, about *seventy* men, women and children—and a good deal of ridicule has attached itself to the Americans on account of this tremendous "war"; but the American press tries to turn the tables on Canada by trying to make it appear that very grave difficulties exist in this country between the Government and the Indian tribes. Not very long ago *Frank Leslie's Illustrated* had a wonderful front page illustration of "one of the recent occurrences in the Northwest," wherein a party of Indians were murdering a family in Manitoba, and the impression which it appeared to be the desire to convey was that the Indians in Manitoba were addicted to the unpleasant custom of "gobbling up" immigrants in that part of the country. As we have never heard of any such massacres as the one alluded to, and as the Indians in Manitoba and the Northwest are behaving as quietly and orderly as any community in the United States—Louisiana not excepted—we can only attribute the picture to the fevered and whiskey-heated brain of the artist, and the glowing imagination of some penny-a-liner. The last misrepresentation of this kind comes from San Francisco, when a gushing correspondent says, 'Four thousand Indians from all parts of British Columbia have assembled at New Westminster in council. Dr. Powell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, will meet them to-day to hear their grievances." This formidable meeting refers, we suppose, to an Indian celebration of the Queen's birthday, which was referred to some time ago by a British Columbia paper, and which was to consist of Lacrosse and other games, a few small presents to some of the Indians, and refreshments, in fact, a meeting for amusement and enjoyment; but the vivid fancy of the American correspondent immediately tried to convert it into a meeting for warlike purposes, and the possibility of an outbreak was clearly hinted at. We suppose now that the next time the Montreal Lacrosse Club plays the Caughnawaga or St. Regis Indians, we shall have a wonderful description of a terrible conflict in Montreal, with the ground covered with heaps of the slain, and a heart-rending account of the fearful scene. Seriously, we think our American brethren of the pen and pencil might find better employment than perpetrating the absurd stories and pictures of Canada which have of late appeared to occupy their attention so largely.

HARD TO PLEASE.

Minnesota seems to be getting particular about the schoolmistresses to be employed. A State Superintendent lately, writing for one, says: "She must be able to teach Latin and Greek; she must have age, good looks and experience. She will have charge of one hundred pupils." Superintendent Wilson replied somewhat sarcastically: "I know of no lady who can fill your bill. A good-looking woman who can teach Greek and Latin, and run a High School of one hundred pupils, cannot be found. Good-looking women never study Greek." We are somewhat puzzled to know why she must be "good-looking," unless the Superintendent or one of the School Trustees is in want of a wife; or some of the big boys have declared they will not attend school unless they have a pretty woman to instruct them in the art of making love. Then comes another difficulty: "age" is one of the requisites specified. Now, "age" and "good looks" seldom go hand in hand; and we rather think the Minnesota Superintendent did not give sufficient consideration to the matter when he required the combination. Taking all the merits demanded into account, we think the Minnesota Superintendent rather hard to please, and it is likely his requirements will not be met for some time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to J. A. Phillips, Editor FAVORITE.

P. P. T., Ottawa. — Good short stories are always acceptable.

X. Y. Z., Peterboro.—The word "bumper" is derived from *au bon père* ("to the good father"). The "good father" was Pope Boniface, who instituted indulgences for those who should drink a cup after grace, called St. Boniface's cup. Hence "*au bon père*" was a compliment to his memory.

Scotia, Lennoxville.—The "burning waste of Clackmannan," seven miles from Stirling, was thirty years on fire, extending over twenty-six acres in a nine-foot coal seam. Eight million cubic feet of carbonic acid gas were required to fill the mine, and a stream of gas was poured into it for three weeks. Towards the end, water in fine spray was blown in with the gas to cool down the mass, and in a month from the commencement of these operations the fire was extinguished.

Bessie B——, Port Hope,—wants to know "when a person is serenaded what is the proper courtesy to offer the musicians." There is great difference of opinion on the question of treating serenaders. Some think the proper thing is to invite them in and treat them to hot punch. Others prefer to treat them to hot water, administered from second story windows. There is one class of serenaders, the feline, for which old boots are considered the proper treatment. If pleased with your serenaders you might invite them in to a collation. That would be strictly according to rule."

Birmingham, Kingston, writes to know if we can tell him the larges toak-tree in England. The largest oak is at Calthrope, Yorkshire; and measures 78 feet at its base. We give a few further particulars of English oaks which might prove interesting. The "Parliament Oak," in Clipstone Park, is, according to tradition, one under which Edward I. held a Parliament, and is supposed to be 1500 years old. At Welbeck Abbey an oak called "The Duke's Walking-stick" is 112 feet high. The "Greendale Oak" covers a space of 700 square yards, and has a coach-road cut through it. The "Two Porters" are 100 feet high; the "Seven Sisters" has seven stems 90 feet in height. There are some other extraordinary oaks at Welbeck Abbey.

P. Flynn, Sherbrooke, says: "About three years ago I made the acquaintance of a young lady, and seeing a good deal of her I fell in love, very naturally, but without any positive evidence that that love was returned. Last year, a lady friend of hers, from a neighboring city, came to spend some time with her on a visit. Thinking it might be a good opportunity to test whether she loved me or not, I paid devoted attention to this friend, and in a short time discovered that the first young lady mentioned did really love me. In the mean time this friend returns home, and we commence a correspondence, during which half a dozen letters passed between us. Since then I have become engaged to the first-mentioned lady, and she asks to see the letters written by her friend. Now we have decided to leave it to you whether or not I should show them. I do not wish to, not thinking it either honorable or right. But she insists, and claims it as a right, as we are engaged. Please give us your opinion in the matter as early as practicable." Some wrong we think has been done to the writer of the letters already; and we conceive it will be wise and dignified for the lady to whom you have engaged, not to insist on any supposed right to read the letters, and so do a further injustice. The wrong we suppose to have been done is in making a show of love to one lady in order to test the feeling of another, and so drawing the first into a correspondence, on one side, we think, not quite sincere.

Several letters are unavoidably left over for answer next week.

PASSING EVENTS.

The manufacturers of Wolverhampton are importing iron from the United States.

A Financial agent of the United States has arrived in England with ten millions in bonds.

At the Baltimore races on 29th ult., Mr. Bannatyne's "Stockwood" won the Pemlico stakes.

The Tichborne claimant will soon appeal to the public for more funds to carry on his defence.

The States General have voted five and a half millions of florins to carry on the war in Sumatra.

Forty-five young Nova Scotians have volunteered to serve with the Dominion troops in Manitoba.

The municipality of Chambly Basin has voted $10,000 in aid of the Montreal, Chambly & Sorel Railroad.

The great Derby race, which came off on 28th ult., was won by "Doncaster." "Kaiser" came in second and "Gang Forward" third.

In the election of Marshal MacMahon to the Presidency, the Pope sees a guarantee of order and a safeguard to civilization which was menaced on all sides.

It is said the Russian Government have accepted M. de Lesseps' offer to build a railway through Central Asia to connect St. Petersburg with the Indian lines.

The city volunteer force will be ordered out on the occasion of Sir George E. Cartier's funeral. The Governor-General's Guards will also visit Montreal to take part in the pageant.

A scheme for the annexation to the United States of Chihuahua and Sonora, propounded by General Butler and Colonel Thos. Scott, is said to be looked upon with favor by President Grant.

The Legislature of Prince Edward Island has, by resolution, unanimously adopted the proposed terms of union with Canada. The admission of that colony into the Dominion is now *un fait accompli*.

The investigation into the frauds said to have been committed by the American Commission to Vienna, has ended in the acquittal of the accused commissioner and his reinstallation in his office.

The Carlists again deny the statement as to their shooting prisoners. They say the men are safe, and profess their readiness to exchange them against Carlists in the hands of the Government forces.

The United States Government approves, it is said, of Colonel Mackenzie's pursuit of an Indian band on Mexican territory, and will propose an arrangement to put a stop to Indian depredations on the frontier.

The secularizing of the Italian monasteries will, it is said, be resented by the Vatican; a Bull anathematizing the promoters of the measure, including the Cabinet of Victor Emmanuel, is accordingly looked for.

Newfoundland consents to abandon her right of pre-emption if the London and New York Cable Co. will give up the exclusive privilege it enjoys of landing a cable on the Island, otherwise pre-emption will be exercised.

It is said the French Government will adopt free trade and retrenchment of military expenditure. M. Theirs returns to his literary work. The opinion in Berlin was that MacMahon's election heralds the restoration of the Monarchy.

Marshal MacMahon has been elected President of the French Republic, the resignation of President Thiers, tendered immediately after the adverse vote on Saturday, having been accepted by the Assembly. The Left abstained from voting. Paris remains quiet.

At the dinner of the Royal Literary Society yesterday in London, the toast "The Literature of the United States" was proposed and duly honored. Mr. Motley, in responding said he considered the literary men of both countries as fellow-citizens of the great English-speaking Republic.

In his message to the National Assembly, President MacMahon says the Assembly have two great tasks to perform—to liberate the territory of France and to restore order. He declares his intention to follow the foreign policy of his predecessor, and that peace and the reorganization of the army are the objects he has at heart with the view of restoring France to her rank among nations.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Every one should take an interest in the world he lives in. One interesting fact in regard to this earth upon which we reside is stated by the great Prof. Winchell. The respectable old terrestial ball, it appears, is constantly cooling, and in doing so is absorbing water—so different, of course, from the inhabitants who absord water (and other things) when they get hot. The earth, too, must cool very fast, for it is an insatiable drinker. The ocean is going not slowly but otherwise, and will finally be gone. After this, everybody will die — even Campbell's "Last Man." Then the earth, without a living thing on its surface, "will go revolving through space all cracked, parched, and wrinkled"—like a withered old maid at a ball. Now, really, don't let anybody get nervous on reading this, because it must be understood that the cracked and withered stage will not be reached until after the expiration of 1,000,000 years; and it is reasonable to suppose that none of us will be living at the time to be much troubled by these changes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WASHING A FOWL FOR EXHIBITION.

"After my old birds got used to it, I found I had hardly ever to use the straps at all, but when put on the saddle they would keep quiet of themselves. Finding such ease and comfort in the plan, I took to giving my best birds a daily washing of face, head and feet; and they became so tame and used to it that they would allow me to pick them up in the yard at any time except when feeding. One old cock in particular—a great pet of mine—which had been used to the saddle for two or three years, on my projecting it for use from the old dresser in my stable, used to jump on the dresser top, and give a lusty crow and flap of the wings, as much as to say, 'Now for a good wash.' He would then eye me inquiringly, which I took to mean, 'Are you going to put me on?' and if I still hesitated would step on the saddle and then wait a few minutes in a sort of forlorn mood, till at length he brightened up and called to me just as if to his hens, at the same time making sham pecks at the pad, as if thereon lay a most delicious morsel if I would but come and see. I waited one day to see how he would conclude the ceremony without a wash. After various marchings up and down the old dresser, off and on to the saddle, calling, crowing, &c., it terminated in his attempt to mount or rather descend to the saddle without assistance. The attempt I must say was a very sorry affair, for after trying first to put down one leg and then the other for a score of times, he made an indescribable attempt to slip down both at once, which brought him quickly to the floor. He was on his feet in a moment, looking round wrathfully indignant; when his eye caught the saddle and he flew at it as if at another cock, with his spurs in the air. Being too high he did not reach his aim, but found himself on his tail again; when he rose in a rather stately but subdued style, and slunk off the scene, looking thoroughly disgusted with me, the saddle, and himself."—*From "Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry."*

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—*Continued.*

Knowing that her adversary was too much for her, Mrs. Gresham yet had not the discretion or self-denial to retire while she might do so with dignity.

"You don't suppose, do you," she asked, changing her ground and method of attack, "that any of my son's friends or relations will receive you, even if he is mad enough to make you his wife?"

"I really haven't supposed or thought anything about the matter," was the indifferent reply of Florence; "and I don't suppose it will effect me much whether they do or not."

"No, but it will affect Frank. Do you think my poor mistaken boy can have a low-born, ignorant, vulgar wife, and not feel ashamed of her."

But the girl's musical laugh came like the ripple of a gurgling brook, not to soothe, rather indeed to irritate her.

While Mrs. Bolton, who was feeling her presence ignored by the imperious visitor, seized the opportunity for saying—

"'Deed, but she's a bonny scholar."

Mrs. Gresham's only reply to this assertion was a gloomy, threatening frown, under which Mrs. Bolton at once collapsed into silence.

"I don't think you and I need discuss my low origin, my ignorance, or vulgarity," returned the girl, changing suddenly from mocking mirth to extreme scorn.

"As you are Frank's mother," she added in the same tone, "I should be sorry to remind you of your origin, education, or polite and ladylike behaviour, a fair sample, I presume, of which I have had this morning, but I will request you, if what you have to say is said, to leave me."

"You order me to go?"

"No, but, you speak in such a loud tone that I fear you will give me a headache; therefore, I say, I shall feel obliged if you will go."

"Don't be alarmed, you'll want to see me again before I come; but, mark my words, you shall never be my son's wife—no, never! Mark my words, I'll see you lie dead at my feet first. So remember what I tell you; he may not marry Lady Helen Bertram, but he shall not marry you."

"And why not, pray?"

It was a man's voice that asked this question.

The rush of air from the opened door, and the tall, broad, handsome face and figure need not a second glance to convince you that it was Frank Gresham, the bone of contention and the subject of discussion, who had appeared on the scene.

"Florence—mother, what is the meaning of this? My poor lass," he added, seeing at a glance how matters stood, and noticing the swiftly changing color on her cheek, "have they been teasing and plaguing you? Never mind, I'm come back now; give me a kiss."

And regardless of the presence of the two other women, he clasped her in his arms something after the manner of a bear's hug, and kissed her fervently and passionately.

"My own little Flo," he added, still holding her in his embrace, and looking upon her fair face tenderly; "they don't know what they say when they talk of separating us, do they, darling?"

She murmured some low sound as she submitted to one more kiss, then gently disengaging herself from his embrace.

"This is disgraceful," exclaimed Mrs. Gresham, starting to her feet.

"Oh, if Willie could but see this, surely it would cure him," thought Mrs. Bolton, as she stood unnoticed in the background.

His mother's indignant observation aroused Frank, both to the necessity and desirability of getting rid of her, sending her away, and turning to her, he said calmly—

"Mother, let me take you to your carriage now."

"I require no taking. I have yet strength to walk, thank goodness," was the reply.

And so saying, she rustled out her rich silk, and swept towards the door.

Arrived there, she turned round, looked at Florence with a strangely threatening expression, and saying, "Remember what I have told you," went out without a further word of adieu, being helped into the carriage by the footman.

"Are you coming home to-night?" she asked her son, whose arm and assistance she had ignored.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"I wish you to do so; mind, I shall expect you," were the parting words, as the horses started off, while he lifted his hat, though he muttered loud enough to be heard by anyone standing by—

"I'll be hanged if I do."

The next moment he had turned and reentered the cottage.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE OAK CLOUGH.

Most of my readers are aware that Oldham is as well known for its coal mines as for its cotton mills, and in one of these Bob Brindley was a viewer.

Thus it was that coming up from his survey and examination of the pit, he had overheard the conversation between Sidney Beltram and Florence Carr, and through it gained a hold upon the tempted clergyman.

There were many feelings working in Bob Brindley's mind at this time, an insane passion for Moll Arkshaw being the uppermost, and next in proportion to that was his intense greed of gain.

It was a singular feeling which Bob entertained towards this girl, which had indeed possessed him from his very boyhood.

He felt, though by no process of reasoning certainly, that she was his right, that she belonged to him, and being a considerable piece of a brute, he had during her childhood and girlhood treated her very much as he would have used a pet dog or cat—occasionally caressed and in turn kicked or beaten it.

Pet cats or dogs may have no redress. Human beings, however, are more fortunate, and as we have seen, Moll had at last been able to cast off the yoke.

Fidelity is a virtue, though like many other good things carried to excess, it may become a vice.

It had reached this second stage with Bob Brindley, and the very terror he inspired in the heart of the woman he coveted only inspired him with a more fierce desire to possess her.

Despite the brutality of which he was capable, Bob was not without an average amount of intellect, moderate industry, and a desire to get on and be well thought of in the world.

This ambition made him to a great extent curb his violent temper and vindictive propensities, though it did not succeed in eradicating them.

Hence he had waited, not patiently, but doggedly and determinedly, for some chance in the chapter of accidents which should throw Moll Arkshaw into his power.

Everything comes to a man or a woman in a lifetime if they can only wait long enough for it.

It is the time element, as the Germans call it, which is apt to run away with all their calculations.

In this, however, Bob Brindley seemed about to be favored, for William Bolton's arrest and transportation were certainly not due to him; though having surprised John Barker when the worse for drink into an incautious observation, he had managed to obtain a thread, if not a distinct clue to the conspiracy.

One thing, however, was accomplished.

His rival was removed for a good time, if not permanently from the field, and he had the ground all clear to himself if Moll only could be wooed.

There was the difficulty.

For Moll, so far from responding to his sentiments, shrank from him with but ill-concealed aversion, would not under any pretext voluntarily walk a step with him, or if she could help it, never trust herself in his company one moment alone.

This course of conduct irritated him beyond endurance, and he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to snatch by violence, what seemed to be denied to gentler conduct.

The chance of doing this was not long in coming—doing it, too, without exciting suspicion; at least without incurring it himself.

If Sidney Beltram really intended to resist the fiend that was tempting him to his ruin, the arch enemy, with Bob Brindley for a tool, had no idea of allowing him thus easily to escape.

Partly by threats, partly by tempting suggestions and hints of help, the rough mine viewer had made the clergyman listen to him that Christmas night when suicide seemed the only resource, and he held the means of death in his hands.

His ears once open to the tempter, the rest had been comparatively easy.

When Sidney Beltram visited Mrs. Bolton and Moll, I remarked the change in him; the change of expression, the gleaming as of a lost soul through the bars which humanity had interposed; and this had continued and intensified until those who thought they knew him best were alarmed and anxious for his sanity or his life.

Always fond of solitude, he seemed to shut himself out now more than ever from his fellow creatures, and to resent the least anxiety or solicitude on his behalf.

Not that he relaxed in severity or neglected any of his clerical duties. On the contrary, there was a fervid, fiery eloquence which carried the man away—made him for the time seem like a person possessed by some strange frenzy, and which fascinated and frightened, if it did not convert his spell-bound hearers.

It must have been a week after her engagement to the young mill owner, that Florence Carr, who had ceased to go to the factory to work, was walking alone; following, as though by some unconscious instinct, that path she had traversed in coming to Oldham the night we first met her some six months ago.

The earth was putting on its new garment of brilliant green, the trees were beginning to bud, and even in this dingy, smoke-begrimed place, the advent of spring and promise of summer was visible.

Just outside the town, violets and primroses might be found in the hedges and sheltered nooks of the cloughs, which lie on the outskirts of Oldham.

These cloughs, as I think I have before observed, are large hollows, formed at one time, it is supposed, by the action of water; and no doubt were the beds of springs or rivers, which having dried up, or being diverted in their course, have afforded rich and fertile spots for trees and vegetation, and even as preserves for game.

Towards one of these fertile cloughs Florence made her way.

Judging the state of her heart by her face, one would scarcely have thought her happy, or have imagined her to be the destined wife of one of the richest and handsomest men in Oldham. There is a look of pained horror about her as though even against her will she were being dragged to this place, and she looks about her fearfully and nervously, as if it were night instead of broad daylight, and she were afraid of being molested or followed.

No one in sight—even the children are at work or in school, and she has, it would seem, the whole of the clough, and it is a large one, to herself.

Is she looking for primroses, violets or daisies on the ground, which she examines so attentively? Scarcely, for those modest flowers lie at her feet, and she refrains even from picking them.

What is it?

"WHEN THE DOG CAME UP, FLORENCE WAS LYING ON THE GROUND ALMOST INSENSIBLE."

What can it be?

She walks on, her head bowed, examines the ground carefully, failing, however, to discover what she is looking for, and her face, when she stands upright, so that the light falls upon it, looks fearfully white and troubled.

"My dream was true," she muttered under her breath; "it is gone."

So absorbed had she been in her own thoughts, and so soft and elastic was the mossy ground, that she was unconscious of the approach of any living creature, and it was only when a hand grasped her firmly by the arm, that she uttered a frightened scream, and looked up, to see the burning eyes of Sidney Beltram blazing like coals of fire upon her.

"Unhand me; what do you want?" she asked, the terror of a hunted animal glaring out of her dark blue eyes.

But the light in her eyes was as nothing compared to the burning passion, that was almost insanity, that gleamed like scorching flame from his.

After a moment her eyes quailed and drooped under the terrible meaning implied in his face, and her own countenance flushed crimson—then white and cold by turn.

"I love you; that is why I am here," he said, in a low but fiercely intense tone, while he bent over and tried to press his lips on hers; and though in the struggle he failed, she could but feel his hot, fiery breath, like a blast from a furnace blowing upon her.

The very loneliness of her situation seemed to inspire her with courage or desperation.

"Love me! how dare you love me?" she asked, with anger and mocking scorn in her voice and eyes. "Have you not sworn eternal celibacy?—and don't you know that I am going to be married?"

"Never!" he muttered, careless and unconscious of the pain he inflicted by so mercilessly grasping her arm. "Never! you shall never be his wife. I will see you dead and buried first."

"Your consent won't be asked; unhand me, or I will punish you for your audacity."

And she tried to shake herself free from his grasp.

In vain.

A mouse might as well have tried to escape from a cat, as she to shake off his firm grasp.

"I tell you I love you," he replied, with added fierceness, "that I dream of you at night, think of you by day; that you have stolen my heart and my very soul away. Oh,"—he went on with a sudden burst of passionate tenderness, and sinking on his knees, though he still held her hand—"oh, have pity on me! Love me but ever so little, and I will be your slave—yes, I will abjure my vow, forswear myself, cast my soul to perdition, only to hold you in my arms and call you mine."

"You will forswear yourself?" she asked. "I don't understand you."

"Yes, I will admit the coward and liar that I am. I, who have sworn never to have a wife, will marry you, only do not reproach me for it, and say you will be mine."

"Impossible," she said.

But her voice was kinder—less scornful.

It was a tribute to her charms, surely, to make this devout and self-forgetful man ready

to renounce his hope of heaven for the brief madness of possessing her.

Her vanity, however, did not blind her to the danger of playing with this powerful element, which seemed potent enough to wreck this man's soul, and compass her own destruction.

"Say not so," he exclaimed. "I am mad, I know, to ask you, but I shall lose my life, my reason, and shall do something wild and desperate, if you refuse my love. Oh, say you will try to love me. Let me kiss your hand and call you mine, even for one day, and I will die content."

And he bent over the hand he still forcibly clung to, and covered it wildly and passionately with kisses, while tears, which he could not repress, ran down his cheeks.

It is dreadful to see a man weep.

A woman's tears often tend to irritate one, to make the looker-on, whom they are intended to melt, say mentally, if not aloud—

"Cry away, and may the exercise do you good."

But to see a man thus overcome with emotion is much more likely to frighten or awe than to amuse or irritate the cause of them.

This was the case with Florence Carr.

Though no coward, she was getting alarmed at the clergyman's vehemence.

But her anxiety was on her own account, not his.

In the excitement he was now laboring under he could scarcely be considered responsible for his actions.

He had frightened, he might injure her, and, worse than all, if any passer-by should see and recognize them, it probably would come to Frank Gresham's ears in some distorted form; it would shake his confidence in her, and then her brilliant prospects would all dissolve like a mirage.

Thus thinking, she resolved to rouse him to a sense of his position, if possible, and she said—

"Mr. Beltram, pray get up. Suppose anyone were to see you? Don't hold my hand so tightly either. I won't run away. Consider, a passer-by might see and ruin both of us through your folly."

"Ah, I forgot," he replied, slowly rising to his feet, while a dazed, blank expression for a second succeeded the fever of fiery passion with which his countenance had been lighted up; "but I forget everything," he added, the old look coming back again, "everything but that I love you. It is my fate and yours, and you must and shall be mine."

The next moment he held her tightly clasped in his arms, and his burning lips seemed as though they would scorch the fair face, as he pressed them so madly upon it.

Absolute terror took possession of the girl.

She was in the arms of a madman, she felt assured, for no human being in his senses could act like this.

Frantically she struggled to free herself, to escape the loathed caresses.

But in vain; and then, reckless as to consequences, she began to scream.

"Are you mad?" he asked, fiercely, and trying to smother her cries.

"No, but you are," was the answer. "Let me go this moment, or I will shriek till help arrives."

But he would not release her, and once more her piercing shriek rang through the small wood.

It was answered, too.

Answered by the bark of a dog and the voice of some person calling it.

"You are mine and shall be for ever and ever," said Sidney Beltram, with an oath, as, despite her struggles, he forced a kiss upon her lips, and the next moment he was gone.

Whether it was that the girl was overcome by agitation, or the sudden loosening of her captor's hold upon her had upset her balance and caused her to fall, I cannot decide.

Be this as it may, when the dog which had answered her cry, came up to her, she was lying on the ground, almost insensible; and singularly enough, one of her hands was resting upon the very spot from which, six months before, Ben, with his master's help, had dug the precious baby, for this was Oak Clough.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TWO STUDS.

Before Florence had revived sufficiently to rise from the ground, a dog was at her side, curiously sniffing at her garments, and a lady and gentleman, guided by its bark, had also reached her.

The girl's eyes were closed, though she had not fainted, for she heard the sweet voice of a lady say—

"Oh, Mr. Gresham, look! What a lovely face!"

The involuntary exclamation made the girl open her eyes, to look with wonder, almost alarm, into the startled eyes of John Gresham, and the fair, patrician face of Lady Helen Beltram.

John Gresham recognised her at once.

Not so his companion, however, and the extreme awkwardness of the meeting struck him as being anything but pleasant.

That the girl knew Lady Helen by sight, and appreciated the burst of admiration, might be guessed from the tinge of rose color which suffused her pale face, though she made no audible comment.

"You screamed just now; what is the matter with you?" asked the young man, bending over the prostrate girl, anxious to avoid letting his companion know who she was.

"A man attacked and—and insulted me," she replied, with something like hesitation.

In fact, she did not know what to say.

It was an awkward predicament to be in, to have the sister of the man against whose violence she had called for help, and the brother of the man she was engaged to marry here before her, asking questions which, even if she answered truthfully, they would not believe, and would also, no doubt, draw inferences that would be anything but to her credit.

Being a woman of quick and ready wit, she jumped at these conclusions rapidly.

She saw that Lady Helen did not know her, and though John Gresham did, for his own sake, no doubt, he would be discreet.

So rising to a sitting posture, she said—

"I think I must have fainted, or been stunned, or something of the kind. I think I am well enough to walk home now, thank you."

"Do you know the man? Would you know him again?" asked Lady Helen, who could not help feeling an interest in this girl.

"No, I don't think so. I think he must have wanted to rob me. I thank you."

By this time she had risen to her feet, and was evidently desirous of leaving them.

"Such men ought to be sent to prison," said Lady Helen, positively. "What kind of a looking man was he?"

"I—I—scarcely know. He was tall, rough-looking, and dark, but I was too frightened to notice every detail, but——"

Again she paused, this time, however, to stare at another addition to the party, no other, indeed, than Miss Stanhope, Lady Helen's aunt and chaperon, who had not, however, kept too closely to the side of her charge.

"Oh, it is only my aunt," remarked the younger lady, desiring the girl to proceed.

"I was only going to say that he had a small scar on the side of his face, on the left cheek, I think. And now I must go; I am dreadfully late already. Thank you for coming to help me. Good morning."

And with a bow, which was that of one lady to another, rather than that of an inferior to a superior, she turned and resolutely walked away.

"Whatever were you talking to that girl for? A mill hand, too!" asked Miss Stanhope, disdainfully.

She knew Florence well enough, though she might not care to proclaim her knowledge.

"A mill girl! You are mistaken, aunt. She speaks and looks quite like a lady. She has been attacked by some ruffian who wanted to rob her. Carlo heard her scream, and rushed to the rescue, but the man was gone."

"Then you haven't seen the would-be robber?"

"No; don't I tell you he was gone?"

"Yes; I should be inclined to think he never existed."

"Why, what are you talking of, aunt? The girl was lying on the ground; and there are marks of a struggle on the grass. See."

And she pointed to it.

Suddenly her eye caught the glimmer of something bright among the grass, and she stooped and picked it up.

It was a stud, a gold wrist stud, with a monogram in blue and enamel on.

The letters were but two in number—"S. B."

The pair had been Lady Helen's Christmas present to her brother.

"Sidney's stud!" she said, in surprise. "How strange! However could it have come here?"

"Perhaps it is not his," said John, across whose mind one or two vague stories seemed to flash, and who would, if possible, have spared even a doubt from being cast upon his friend, and the brother of the woman he loved.

"Or perhaps that hussy stole it," suggested Miss Stanhope.

"No; she would never have done that," said John, incautiously.

"Why, then, you know her?" asked Lady Helen, suspiciously, turning to the young ironmaster.

"No; I never spoke to her before."

"But you know who she is?" queried the young lady, impetuously.

"I know her name—little more," he replied, doubtfully.

"What is it?"

"I would rather not talk about her."

"But I wish to know. Surely there can be no harm in my hearing her name; I don't read the *Newgate Calendar*, so if she is notoriously bad, I shan't know or recognise it. Besides, she is so very beautiful, I wish to know it."

"You think her beautiful?" asked the young man, gazing with eyes that said more than tongue dare frame, into her own fair face.

"Yes, I do; marvellously beautiful. Such beauty as I, were I a man, should fall down and worship."

"Goodness gracious! Lady Helen Beltram, what are you talking about?"

The voice, as no doubt you have guessed, was Miss Stanhope's.

"I call her," continued the same speaker, "a common-looking thing."

"My dear auntie, you are prejudiced; but I think her a perfect beauty. What do you think, Mr. Gresham?"

"She is good-looking," was the doubtful reply; "not a style of beauty which fascinates me, however."

"But your brother is not so invulnerable," sneered Miss Stanhope.

Lady Helen's eyes opened at her aunt's incautious speech.

"Is that the young lady, Mr. Gresham——" she asked calmly enough, though the color on her cheek fluttered.

"I—I——"

"Tell me, please," she demanded positively.

"Yes," was the reluctant reply.

"Thank you."

And she walked on a few paces, holding the stud in her hand, not thinking even of it.

"I am not surprised," she said, a few seconds after; "and as for this stud, no doubt Sidney has passed through here and dropped it."

And so saying, she put the stud in her purse, and then continued their walk, making no allusion to Florence Carr.

It had become an ordinary thing for the young ironmaster to spend even more of his time at the rectory than he had done when his brother was welcomed there, though Sidney Beltram had of late shunned him, evidently preferring solitude to the society of any friend.

Lady Helen and Miss Stanhope were always pleased to see him.

Consequently, it was not at all an unusual thing to find John Gresham with the two ladies from the rectory, and his dog, Carlo, indulging in somewhat long walks.

"Were you in the Oak Clough to-day, Sidney?" asked Lady Helen, some two or three hours later.

"No," was the immediate reply. "Who said I was?"

"No one. I only thought you might have been."

"But what made you think it? You must have some reason for asking."

"I asked because we were there ourselves in the morning."

"But you didn't see me?"

"How could we if you were not there?"

"True, but you have a reason for asking me which you have not given. I insist upon knowing it."

The clergyman had become very positive and irritable lately, the saintly patience and sweetness which had previously characterised him being now altogether wanting.

A sister is not always the best person in the world, however sweet her temper and disposition may naturally be, for a brother to visit his spleen and sulks upon, and Lady Helen, not being accustomed to be dictated to, showed signs of rebellion at the tone in which her brother addressed her.

"I don't think it necessary to explain the reason of every question I ask," she replied haughtily, and rising to leave the room. "If you were not in the Oak Clough, and did not lose anything there, I am satisfied."

She had left the room with this parting shot, and Sidney Beltram's face became red and white by turns.

"What does she mean, aunt?" he asked turning to Miss Stanhope anxiously.

"I suppose she means that we found a wrist stud, which Helen declares to have been yours, in the Oak Clough this morning. The young woman that Gresham the mill owner is going to marry, if report be true, seems to have screamed for help against some rough fellow who was annoying her. Carlo, Helen, and John Gresham ran to the rescue, and scarcely had the girl left us when the stud was found on the ground, but of course it could not have been yours."

"Of course not," observed Sidney, in a relieved tone, but with a strangely pale face, as he too rose and left the room.

"Curses on the girl! curses on my own madness and folly!" he muttered passionately, when he had locked himself in his own study.

"She did not betray me to them, it seems," he went on, after pacing up and down the room impatiently; "but then, that was for her own sake, not mine," he added bitterly.

"I don't believe the girl possesses a heart, or has one spark of feeling for anything living or breathing beyond herself. And yet how madly, how passionately I love her. Oh, God, that I should have fallen so low as this!"

Presently the struggle passed, as so many struggles of the kind had done, leaving him neither a better nor a wiser man.

"I must hide this stud," he muttered, taking it from his sleeve, "until I can get a pair like it. It is annoying that Helen and John Gresham found it, but it cannot be helped, any more than the lie I was obliged to tell."

And so thinking, he took it from his sleeve and put it, he believed, in his pocket.

So he did.

But there being a hole in his pocket, the stud soon slipped through it on to the floor, where it lay until seen by a visitor who soon after came into the study.

"This may come in useful," thought Bob Brindley, as his eye caught the "S.B." enamelled on the trinket, and, unperceived by its owner, he placed his foot upon it, succeeding before he went away in transferring it to his own pocket.

"We've no time to lose," he remarked, aloud, in continuation of his conversation, "they'll be getting spliced afore another fortnight's over, and then it 'll be too late."

"True. But as the time approaches, I get nervous, and something seems to warn me it is useless. She is so positive and obstinate that it is encountering danger and disgrace for nothing."

"Weel, I'm blest if I didna think yo'd more pluck in yo'," replied Bob, with a sneer.

"I allers said parsons war a frightened lot, but I thort, as yo' come of a plucky family, mayhap yo'd got a bit of a man in yo'."

There had been a time when Sidney Beltram would have had pluck enough in him to have ordered a man who had thus dared to address him to leave the house quietly by the door, or have pitched him out of the window.

Mutual crime, however, levels all distinctions, and he winced under the rough brute's contemptuous sneers.

"Still I will not decide to-night," he said, after a pause, and somewhat more resolutely than he had previously spoken. "I will give her one more chance, and if that fails, we will act as you suggest."

In no amiable mood, Bob Brindley rose to his feet. His words, however, were civil enough, though the flash of his eye was threatening.

"Yo' know 'yo'r own business best, I s'pose," he replied, sulkily; "and when yo' wants me agin, p'r'aps yo'll send."

And so saying without further adieu, he left the room and the house.

Once outside of it however, the expression of his heavy, square countenance looked fierce and dangerous, and he put his hand again in his pocket to assure himself that the singular stud was there, with a look on his face which boded ill for the safety or welfare of its rightful owner.

(To be continued.)

PROPINQUITY.

"By George, here's luck!"

"What is luck?" This in a faint voice from the sofa, a man's voice, full of that querulous weakness so much more pathetic when it comes from deep manly tones than from womanly treble.

"Hollo, Ned; did I wake you up?" and the speaker began crossing the room on a shuffling tiptoe, meant to be noiseless, but, by reason of resonant boots and undue deliberation, producing a series of linked squeakings long drawn out, which were exasperating in the last degree to sensitive nerves. Then, as the invalid gave a groan, Perry said, "There, there, dear boy!" in precisely the tone with which nurses hush fractious babies; and catching at the back of a chair as he passed, he brought it whack against the little table which stood by the sofa. Bottles rattled, a spoon fell on the floor, and another groan came from the recumbent figure.

Perry Long was the best fellow in the world, and the pleasantest, anywhere except in a sick-room; there he was as completely out of place and destructive as an elephant in a china shop, a bull in a nursery, Mars at a peace congress, or—any other man! What Ned Fisher had endured from his well-meant attentions during the slow convalescence following an attack of typhoid pneumonia can only be computed by those who have experienced the like. Yet, lonely bachelor that he was, without a blood-relation nearer than certain far-off cousins in New Orleans, who hardly recognized his existence, he would have been forlorn enough without this same kind, blundering Perry. He reminded himself of this twenty times a day. (N. B.—It was always when Perry happened to be out of the room. The moment that he returned with his heavy tread and squeaky boots, and the inevitable bang of the door, Ned forgot merits and services alike, and wished his devoted henchman in Botany Bay. Perry was one of those centrifugal forces from which all light and movable articles of furniture seem instinctively to fly and ricochet and racket off into distant corners. And sick men can not always be either grateful or reasonable.)

However, this little misadventure with the table was the last for that time, and, seating himself gingerly in the hard-won chair, Perry proceeded to unfold a letter and expound his bit of "good luck."

"It's from Tom Vane, Ned. He's been off for a run into Vermont to see some aunt of his who was staying at a place called Burnet, and he says it's the very thing for you. High ground, breezy, cool, and all that, and a first-rate house. Hear what he writes:

"'I don't believe the old boy could do better. It's dead quiet, but that's the thing for him just now, I suppose, and the air is exactly what the doctor recommended—high and dry. No river fogs. Up clear above everything in this region. There's a view too. I don't profess to understand views, but my aunt raves over this, and I can see that there is a good deal of it. First-rate table — broiled chicken, cream (think of cream in the *country!*), and a motherly sort of an old landlady, who asks nothing better than to pet and cosset every body who comes in her way. I advise you to pack Ned off at once. I'm sure it's the thing for him. He'll never pick up as he ought in that city street. I've taken the refusal till Thursday next of a big southeast corner room in the wing. It's the quietest part of the house, only one other room in it, and that is taken by a lady boarder. Ned can be as still as he likes, and sleep all day, and all night too, if so inclined.'"

"There!" ended Perry, bringing the extract to a triumphant conclusion; "if that ain't what you call a special Providence, I don't know what is. You'll go, won't you?"

"I—suppose—so," said Ned, dismally. "As well there as somewhere else. Murder! what's that?" for Perry, in the exuberance of his satisfaction at this hardly wrung consent, had given the table another knock, and every cup and glass and tea-spoon was jingling in unison. "The table, indeed! One would suppose that the furniture of this room was bewitched. I never imagined that inanimate things could be so noisy."

And closing his mouth, Ned lay crossly silent for the next hour. But Perry observed, or thought he observed, a little more relish for supper, a little less languor in the deep-sunken

eyes, and, dear good fellow that he was, rejoiced in his heart.

So it befell that three days later a wagon containing our invalid and his self-constituted nurse drove slowly up the long hill, on top of which stands the little village of Burnet. The pink glow of a summer sunset still lay in the west, Soft purple flushes were dying out on the higher mountains; with each breath of the elastic air Ned seemed to revive into life and interest.

Farmer Dean, who drove the wagon, talked steadily on as they climbed the hill. He was fond of reading, and the chance to interchange views with a couple of city men—doubtless addicted to learning, like himself—was too attractive to be lost. So he let the horses go slow, and led the conversation into a deep and improving channel, namely, the "Conquest of Mexico," which instructive work had beguiled many long and snowy days during the past winter.

"They was a cruel race, them Spanish," he ended, as they crested the hill. "Promising the Incay his life if only he'd give Pissarrow so many bars of gold, and then a-burnin' of him at a slow fire, after all. It's a sort of thing to bring retribootion down on a nation, ain't it? And it's done it too, I guess."

"So it has," replied Perry, politely, desirous of making himself agreeable, but a little misty on the subject of the "Incay's" fate. As for Ned, he was gazing off over the blue far-away distance with a sort of enchanted look in his thin face. After those dull weeks spent between four dull walls, what was it not to see such tints, such width of view—to smell such air?

"I reckon you're pretty well tired," remarked the farmer, sympathizingly, as he checked his horses before the piazza of the white, green-blinded house. Two or three children sat there, and a lady with a book in her lap, at sight of whom Ned, getting out of the wagon gave a frown of surprise, and made a little sound expressive of annoyance. He raised his hat formally.

"What was it?" asked Perry, as they mounted the stairs.

"Oh, nothing," pettishly; "only I did hope to get away from acquaintances up here, and was not prepared to be confronted by Miss Pearl before I was fairly up the steps."

"Miss Pearl! What! daughter of that old cashier at the Bank of Amity, who died two years ago? Why, now I think of it, it's the woman Vane used to rave about. So she's up here! 'Aunt,' forsooth! Ho! ho! I wondered a little over Master Tom's burst of avuncular enthusiasm. Well, cheer up, old fellow! You needn't see any thing of Miss Pearl unless you like, though, from the glimpse I had, I should say it wouldn't be such a bad thing. Not pretty, to be sure, but a nice sort of face."

"She's well enough," tumbling impatiently on to the sofa, "only not what I fancy—that's all. Strong-minded, I suspect, and up in literary matters; the sort of woman who opens conversation by asking if you have read that delightful work of Darwin's, and what you think about protoplasms. I haven't met her more than twice, but I shun that kind instinctively. By Jove, what a pleasant room! Isn't it, now?"

He might well say so. All the freshness of summer seem to rest over the large square apartment, with its cool, matted floor, oak-painted furniture, and waving curtains of white dimity. Snowy napkins covered bureau-top and tables. A gay rug of home manufacture lay beside the bed, over the foot of which was a folded scarlet blanket. Two or three sticks of hickory cracked in the fire-place, upheld by old-fashioned fire-dogs with brass knobs. On the shelf above stood a wine-glass full of sweet-pease, with a single crimson rose, and from a pine bracket in the corner uprose a tall spreading bunch of fresh green ferns and oak leaves.

"Stunning!" cried Perry, as he turned admiringly from side to side. "A kind of a what-d'ye-call-it—artistic air—hasn't it? This farmer's wife must be a prodigy."

And he reiterated the remark as the supper tray came in. Such a supper! Fresh raspberries, cream, bread like snow, a crisp sweetbread, brown and savory.

"I declare, on my soul, I believe the hen is still clucking over this egg!" he said, as he chipped a white shell. "You've fallen on your feet, Ned." And what with the unwonted relish of food, the sweet air, the peaceful contentment of the pleasant "wing chamber," that momentary grievance of Miss Pearl's presence was forgotten by both.

Meantime, on the other side of the partition wall, Marion Pearl was hushing her little niece to sleep. Every corner of the room in which she sat bore tokens of that refining taste whose least touch beautifies. Long tendrils of pine wreathed the looking-glass and framed the photographs on the walls. Fresh flowers were on the shelf, the table; from a box outside the window came the breath of blossoming mignonette. Marion was one of those women who can not spend a day even in any apartment without in some way impressing her individuality upon it. It was almost an unconcious act; she never reasoned over it. A touch here, a touch there, a little adjustment of simple materials, and the charm wrought itself out. The gracefulness of her nature communicated a sort of inevitable grace to its outward surroundings. Her room "always looked like her," said admiring intimates, as they sought in vain to catch the secret and produce the same effect with the same appliances. It was like her. It was her soul,

"A fair, still house, well kept,"

creating naturally a habitant fair and still as itself. And in this creation there was positive and subtle pleasure. She had arranged the ferns and the little nosegay that afternoon in Ned Fisher's room almost without a thought of the coming occupant, just for the satisfaction it gave her own eyes. True, she recollected that Mr. Fisher had been ill: that made it natural as well as pleasant to adorn for him a little; but she would have done it as readily for a stranger or a man of seventy.

Ned heard her voice a little later, when Perry, going down stairs to supper, left him alone. She was singing a low nursery song to the half-asleep child. He did not know whose voice it was, but it fell soothingly on his ear, and presently lulled him to dreamless rest. And so the Burnet experiment was successfully inaugurated.

Mr. Fisher, sitting on the stately heights of his preconceived opinion and determined indifference, found it quite easy to "see nothing of Miss Pearl." She was a busy woman, though no woman ever did her business more quietly than she. These three summer months alone, of all the year, were her own, to do as she liked with. She held them as precious treasure, and, except for such interruptions as duty or kindliness imposed, had no idea of spending them on outsiders. Each moment of each day was filled up beforehand in her mind; it was never easy to find or to keep her. At first Ned considered this agreeable—almost Providential. There was no danger of his being bored, he perceived. But by-and-by Perry went back to town, and he caught himself wishing that Miss Pearl could be spoken to a little oftener. He heard the rustle of her dress on the stairs, or her voice, as she played with the child. Once—he had just got down stairs for the first time, and was sitting, white and a little faint, on the piazza, when she came by, her arms heaped with wild clematis, the little niece trotting beside her—she caught his wistful look in passing, and stopping, looped a long flowering spray to the arm of his chair, smiled, and after a few pleasant words went indoors. In two or three minutes Mrs. Dean appeared with an egg beaten up in milk and wine. "It had just popped into her head," she said. Ned was no coxcomb, but somehow he couldn't help connecting Miss Pearl with this timely refreshment. The idea pleased him. For the first time he had noticed the expression of her eyes, and the peculiarly sweet smile which lighted up with beauty an otherwise plain face. After this he fell into the habit of watching from his window each day to see her set off for the woods. Marion always spent all mornings, save rainy ones, in the woods. Sometimes her little niece was perched on her shoulder, while the other hand carried color box or portfolio. It was pretty to see these inseparable friends, the big Marion and the small. Little Marion never disturbed her aunt, was never in the way. Acorns, toad-stools, wild flowers, were her playthings. She would amuse herself all day long, while Aunt Marion, sitting under a tree, made water-color sketches, and wrote letters or children's stories, and careful little papers on domestic and social topics, for some magazine. She was not a genius, but her work was graceful and easy, and it commanded a fair price—no unimportant thing in a family as large and as slenderly provided for as the Pearls'.

At noon the pair would come back, rosy, laughing, laden with wood treasures of all sorts. Lying on his sofa, Ned would hear the child's fresh laughter, and Marion's low tones replying. At dusk the line of light under the separating door was a sort of magnet from which he found it impossible to turn his eyes. Little as she guessed it, Marion's cradle-song was sung each night to a second pair of ears. Long after it ended the soft cooing air would ring through Ned's fancy:

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father is counting his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee—
Sleep, baby, sleep."

Did a little dream "drop down" from the lullaby into the older and wide-awake ears? Who shall tell?

Idleness is at the root of many things not distinctively evil. It is a dangerous pastime for a man to get into the way of watching a woman day after day, and in all her comings and goings, even if it be from inertia, and the *besoin de s'amuser*. After following Miss Pearl thus with his thoughts for two or three weeks, it was an easy and inevitable next step for Ned to follow her bodily when returning strength set him free so to do. Marion's walks, hitherto inviolate from interruption, began to be haunted by a tall, thin shadow in flapping Panama hat. She shifted her ground, tried new wood nooks, but the result was the same. Some instinct seemed always to take Mr. Fisher in the same direction. It was always a "happening," with a little preface of apology; but once there, what was she to do? It was not easy to refuse welcome to an apparition whose face showed still the pallor of such recent illness. Suffering, weakness, were pleas to which Marion's sweet nature instinctively opened. And, sooth to say, the apparition was not a disagreeable one. Ned could be a charming fellow when he liked, and he very decidedly liked now. So morning after morning, when the Dean dinner-bell sounded its first note, Mr. Fisher and Miss Pearl, much to the delectation of their fellow-boarders, were seen returning from the woods in company, Ned carrying books and shawls, or sometimes the little Marion, who had grown immensely fond of him. There was quite a family air about the party. No wonder the idlers on the piazza smiled, and the knowing ones whispered. Marion did not see the smiles; she was too simple and straightforward to suspect gossip. And for Ned, so secure did he feel in his citadel that he would have scouted indignantly the sentimental interpretation of these interviews. Miss Pearl was pleasant company, and he had unoccupied time on his hands. That was all!

But a change came over this charming security. One night Ned was suddenly waked by hands beating on his door, and a voice—Marion's voice—calling in agonized tones.

"What is it?" he cried, striking a light.

"Oh, Mr. Fisher, my little Marion is so very ill! Will you call Mrs. Dean and send Mr. Dean for the doctor as soon as possible? I dare not leave her, or I would not disturb you."

"Please don't say that!" called out Ned, broad awake by this time, and half-dressed. In another minute he was down stairs, and hurrying through the long entry, was pounding on Mrs. Dean's door.

"Oh, the poor little lamb!" cried the worthy dame, as she comprehended the alarm. "It's croup, no doubt. She's had it once before, real bad. But whatever shall I do? Miss Pearl don't know it, but Jeheil is over for the night to Tuxbury, attending the cattle fair. We'll have to wake up Joshua; but he's such a boy to sleep, it'd take half an hour, I'm afraid."

"Where does the doctor live?"

"Most down the hill—next to the meetin'-house, you know. Oh, mercy, Mr. Fisher, you ain't thinking of going! I can't let you! You ain't fit! Land's sake! he didn't hear me—he's off!"

So he was—hurrying down the long road at the top of his speed. Mrs. Dean looked after him with a half-muttered "'ts! 'ts! 'ts!" Then throwing some wood on the hastily raked-out embers, and hanging on a kettle of water to heat, she hurried up stairs.

Life and death fought for mastery that night in the old farm-house. Ned Fisher, returning with the doctor, found himself, permitted or not permitted, working with the others over the small convulsed form, carrying pails, lifting, heating flannels at the kitchen fire. Marion's white face, as she held the child in her arms, was full of an agony of appeal, but she never lost her self-control. "My darling! my darling! flower of my life!" Ned heard her murmur once, in a tone of irrepressible anguish; but every direction, every remedy, was applied with instant and rapid intelligence. He never forgot that sight—the fair, tasteful room, orderly in spite of momentary confusion, the sick child, and the woman he loved bending with tenderness so ineffable, with grief so speechless, over the little burden in her lap.

The woman he loved! Yes, he knew it now. As the morning dawned Mrs. Dean lifted the child from Marion's lap and laid her in the bed. She seemed sleeping or half unconscious. The doctor leaned over, felt the hands, the head, listened to the pulse, and then raising himself, looked at Miss Pearl with a smile of relief.

"She'll do now," he said. "Let her sleep as long as possible."

Nobody moved for a moment. Marion buried her face in the pillow. There were no words to express her joy; but she held out her hand, and as Ned clasped it his whole heart seemed to go into the pressure. Was she conscious of it or no? He could not tell.

A midnight run of two miles is certainly not an experiment to be recommended to a half-cured convalescent; but in this case it did no harm. Little Marion lived. In another week she was up again, the shadow of her rosy self, but getting well. The dark sleepless circles round Miss Pearl's eyes grew less; all things seemed brightening, when lo! a dreadful and sudden cloud fell. Marion was summoned home.

"Her ma's an anxious woman," explained Mrs. Dean, as she broke the news at tea-time. "And the whole family's bound up in that child; and no wonder. So the minute they heard of her bein' sick nothing would serve but that they should come back right away. Miss Pearl's real sorry; I can see that, though she don't say nothin'. She gave me this note for you, Mr. Fisher, and told me to say good-bye if she didn't see you again. She's got all her packing to do, and won't be down this evening."

The note was a few simple words of thanks for Ned's kindness that dreadful night. "I fear I was selfishly forgetful of your recent illness," she wrote, "but in my extremity I could think of nothing but the child. Forgive me."

But those were not mere words of forgiveness which, half an hour later, Ned frantically pencilled in his room:

"You are going away, and I have not seen you, have not spoken words which for days have been on my lips, withheld only by reason of your preoccupation. Now, in such brief time as is left, I must say them, for I dare not let you go while they are unsaid. I love and honor you above all women. I am not worthy—no man is—but will you be my wife? How reverent and tender are my thoughts of you can not be told, and if you can not give me what I ask, they will be reverent and tender still, and always. If possible, let me have one word of hope; but if I fail of utter discouragement, I shall follow you. E. F."

Miss Pearl, bending over a trunk, with a sad look in her eyes, heard a light sound, and turned. A note lay on the floor, just beyond the crack of the door.

Ned, listening on his side the wall, felt the silence insupportable. He sat at the table with fixed eyes for what seemed a long hour, but no answer came to his plea. At length the faintest noise, as of fairy fingers brushing the panels, reached his ear, and then beneath the friendly door a little white strip quivered into sight. This was all it said:

"Follow."

Which, after a day's discreet delay, he did.

Perry Long was immensely tickled at the *dénouement* of the affair. He is never tired of asking Ned if he "saw any thing of Miss Pearl at Burnet;" and his wedding-gift to Marion was a blindfold Cupid hiding his head in ostrich fashion in a silver bush, the whole doing duty as top to a soup tureen. But Perry asserts, and I am of his mind, that the most sensible act of Ned Fisher's life was when he took off that same bandage, and, to quote Perry again, "dropped the invalid rôle, and went into business as a Pearl-Fisher with such astonishing success."

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

To the young it does not seem short; it seems very long. To the boy of fourteen the man of forty seems a long way off, and he of sixty removed by an age almost illimitable. But as time passes on, the aspect of life changes. The man of forty thinks forty not nearly as old as he thought it when he was fourteen; fifty years appears to him but the prime of life; sixty, far from aged. When at length, increasing years admonish him that his life-work is ended, and that he can enter on no new undertakings, and he looks back to reflect upon what he has accomplished he wonders to see it so little, and is amazed to find the road so short in travelling which appeared so long in prospect. He then understands, as he never did before, the meaning of the Scripture simile. "Yes," he says to himself, "it is indeed true. Life is as a tale that is told, and as a dream when one awaketh."

A moment's reflection will suffice, however, to convince the thoughtful that the old man's estimate is right, and the young man's wrong. Time is short, very short, in which to achieve anything for God, for humanity, or for ourselves. It is known that the average length of human life is stated to be thirty-three years. This average, however, includes an estimate of all those who die in infancy. The statement of the average life of a healthy man may be enlarged somewhat. But it is perfectly safe to say that it is not over fifty years. Some men live on to threescore years, or even to threescore and ten, but more never reach the half century. Of this fifty years, the first twenty are taken in learning how to live. Something the young can accomplish; youth is the time for receiving, not imparting—for preparing to achieve, not for achievement. Thirty years may be fairly accepted as the average limit of the working life. But no man works the full thirty years. Rest, recreation, food, sleep, Sabbath, and the enforced idleness which occasional illness compels, reduce the period to two-thirds.

Eight hours a day are as many as the brain or muscle can ordinarily stand. Some work more, but few to the best advantage. Year in and year out, eight hours may be taken to represent the working day. The working life, then, is not thirty years; it is but ten. And of these ten years, how much is necessarily absorbed by the drudgery of toil, by the gathering of grain that dies in the harvesting, and is never garnered into store-houses? How much in getting clothing to be put on and worn out, in getting food to be consumed in use, in building houses to crumble and fall into decay almost as soon as their owners? How much, too, of this time is lost in plans that come to naught, in fighting battles that are defeats? When we have taken from our life what time is necessary for preparation, what is required for recreation, and what is absorbed in failure and transient success, the fragment that is left is very small—two, three or five years at the most.

A NICE place for a medical man must be Cottonwood Point, Ark. About twelve months ago, one Thetford had a slight difficulty with a fellow-citizen, and came off second best with a bullet in his body. He sought the assistance of Dr. Joyner, who relieved him of the bullet, and then sent in his bill, which Thetford, not apparently being accustomed to do such things, refused to liquidate. Whereupon the Doctor sued the great and chivalrous and convalescent Thetford, and attached the noble steed of that brave. This was more than he could bear. The result was a free fight of a lively description, in which Thetford, the Doctor and a young man employed by the Doctor engaged. Grand result: Thetford dead; the Doctor almost dead; and the Doctor's young man badly bruised by the stock of a pistol. Doctors' bills, even in these regions in which doctors are plentiful, are sometimes sufficiently exasperating; but here we take it out in growling. If all doctors who overcharge their patients are to be assaulted and battered by them, we shall certainly live in dark and bloody times.

FORMATIONS.—Have you noticed an icicle as it is formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be a final deformity and misery.

THE WIFE.

BY A CYNIC.

What is a wife? A fellow soul
That shares our joys and troubles,—
But halves our pleasures on the whole,
And all our sorrows doubles.

What is a wife? Our reverse side,
Grim shadow, twin existence;
For let good luck or ill betide
We still have one subsistence.

What is a wife? A plant that twines
Young olives round our table;
And bids us joy in our hard lines,
And love them—if we're able.

A wife is—what? A doubtful prize;
Much angel, but more Tartar;
Bliss which exalts us in such wise
As martyrdom the martyr.

Our slave while we her will obey;
Our solace when contented;
Our ruin when she has her way;
Our torment when prevented;

Our friend when fickle Fortune smiles;
Our light when noon oppresses;
Our hope when we have done with fears—
Wet blanket in successes.

What is she? To sum up, a wife
Is—speaking with urbanity—
The harsh, strong, bitter pill of life,
And blister of humanity.

WHO DID IT?

OR

FALSELY ACCUSED.

(In Eight Chapters.)

BY CAPTAIN JAPEAR.

OF MONTREAL.

CHAPTER I.

MAD MONA.

"Pshaw! stuff and nonsense!—Don't believe all this talk about undying affection, and such trash. 'Tis not worth that," and the speaker, with a snap of his finger, sent the ash flying from his cigar.

It was Tom Crab that gave utterance to his opinions in the foregoing elegant language, a few evenings since, while half-a-dozen of us were sitting in Green's chambers enjoying a smoke and a quiet chat.

Green, who was suspected of being what the speaker above quoted would term Spooney, had just been telling us of a shipwreck, and that among those who perished, was a young lady to whom a friend of his was engaged to be married. "'Tis a terrible thing," said Green, "and I shouldn't wonder if 'twould break the poor fellow's heart."

It was this that called forth Crab's scornful reply.

"Now Green," he said, with a contemptuous wave of his hand, "did you, or did anyone in this company, ever know a man to die of love for a woman, or *vice versa?*"

Green said, that at that particular moment, he didn't know as he could name anyone that had died from such a cause; but he would venture to say there had been such cases, for he had heard—"

But here he was interrupted by Crab.

"Never mind what you've heard, we have all heard the same in love-yarns, often; but just speak of what has come under your own observation, as I do. Why, it was only to-day that I saw a sight which sickened me. You remember poor Tomkins that died about a year ago; and you know what a deuced hullabulloo his wife kicked up at the time.—Oh dear! she was going to die too. She would go into the grave with her dear Tomkins. Oh goody-gracious, she was going to do this and do that!" and Crab stuffed the corner of the table-cloth into his eyes, the better to represent Mrs. Tomkins's grief.

"But she soon forgot poor Tomkins," continued Crab; "before a twelve month had gone by, she was on the look-out for another victim, and I'm blest if I didn't see her to-day tripping along with that young simpleton Verdant, and looking as if she'd never thought of such a thing as 'going into the grave with her dear Tomkins.' Bah!" he said, with a sneer, "I've seen too much of that humbug. What's that, Thingumbob says in his what-ye-call-em—his Night Thoughts—

'Presents her weeds well-fashioned at the ball. And'—eh—a—does something or other with the death's head on the ring.'

"Pshaw! that's how they break their hearts," and having delivered this bit of eloquence, Crab subsided into a dignified silence.

We all gave our opinions, pro and con, with the exception of Wharton, who was laboriously engaged in trying to make the top of Green's ink-stand serve the purposes of a tee-totum, while now and then he glanced at Crab with a half-wondering, half-amused expression on his handsome face.

"What do you say, Wharton?" asked Green, "you have seen something of the world."

"I hardly know how to answer you, Green," replied Wharton; "like yourself, I have heard a good deal, but it seems Crab won't admit such evidence. However," he added, gravely, "there is one incident bearing upon that point which came under my own observation. It is a sorrowful tale, and even now, though years have elapsed since the circumstance occurred, it makes me feel sad to think of it. Still if you would care to hear it, I'll tell the story as well as I can."

"As you can vouch for the truth of it, Wharton, and don't depend on hearsay, tell it by all means," said Crab, with an air of dignity; and as this request was seconded by all present, Wharton began as follows:—

"Not many years ago, I had the honor of serving Her Majesty as Lieutenant in the ——th regiment of foot, then stationed in a small town in the North of Ireland.

"Ochlone was rather a dull place, but what with pic-nics, balls, concerts and amateur theatricals, we managed to pass the time agreeably enough.

"Among my brother officers, I had two particular friends, Capt. Rorke of my own company, and Lieutenant Henley of No. 2. We spent most of our time in each other's society, and from this, and our not being so much given to "spreeing" as our companions, we went under the name of the "Philosophic Triad."

"Rorke was a native of the Emerald Isle. He was a man about thirty, of middling stature, and a florid complexion ornamented with two merry, blue eyes in which there seemed to lurk a perpetual smile. His frank open manner, and good-humored jokes made him a general favorite.

"My friend Henley, on the other hand, was fully six feet, with jet-black hair and eyes, and a grave thoughtful expression of countenance. He was remarkably handsome,—in fact I have never seen one to compare with him in point of manly beauty. But in general, he was somewhat reserved,—spoke seldom, and then said but little; hence he was looked upon, by some, as being proud and haughty. Yet I never could discover anything like this in his character; and after seven years' close companionship, I can truly say that a nobler, or kinder-hearted fellow than Henley never breathed.

"At a short distance from our barracks, stood a milliner's shop, presided over by a smart little French-woman called Madame Tessier. Among her 'young ladies', as she called her employees, was a beautiful young girl named Lizzie Carthy. She was the only child of a widow, who lived in the small village of Brocklow, about three miles from Ochlone.

"Being a very intelligent girl, and having a better education than the generality of young women in her station of life, she was, to some extent, entrusted by her employer, with the care of the business, and may be said to have filled the office of superintendent, or overseer in the establishment.

"She possessed no ordinary share of beauty. As she passed down the street, many a young gallant would turn and gaze after her and "not without excuse," as Rorke used to say. She was the admiration of all, and perhaps the envy of some; for there were certain ladies, who thought she was "stuck-up" and "wished to exalt herself above her station."

"I recollect the last time I saw her. I was standing by the gate, as she came gliding past with her graceful queenlike step. The evening sun-beams played and sparkled in her golden ringlets, as they danced and fluttered in the breeze. And as the dark-blue eyes glanced up shyly into mine, I saw they were those soft dreamy orbs, in which there lies a latent fire—eyes that take the heart by storm.

"Yes, truly she was very beautiful.

"I was walking with Rorke and Henley, one very warm day, when the former suggested that an "ice-crame would be mighty refreshin';" and Henley and I being nothing loth, we went into a confectioner's to order the same.

"On entering, we found but one other person in the store; but hers was a face one would not forget in a life-time. The classically moulded features, the dark lustrous eyes sparkling like diamonds under the long drooping lashes, and the jet-black hair hanging in long wavy tresses over the light muslin dress, formed a picture,—such as one will not often look upon.

"After a few minutes' absence in another apartment, she returned with the creams, but just as she was crossing the threshold, she stumbled, in some way, and fell to the floor, uttering a sharp cry of pain. Henley hastened towards her, and gently raised her from the floor.

"'I trust you are not hurt,' he said, in his soft sweet tones, and looking anxiously into her face.

"'Not much,' she replied in a low musical voice, 'I think I am more frightened than hurt,' and she laughed a little silvery laugh.

"'But you've cut your wrist with the broken glass,' said Henley, ''tis bleeding freely! If you will allow me, I'll dress it for you,' and using a strip of paper, as a substitute for plaster, he soon had the wounded limb bound up.

"'That's a beautiful girl,' Henley remarked, after we had left the store.

"'Yes,' said Rorke, 'her grandfather owns the business. Her mother was the ould man's daughter, and married an Italian music-master. But they both died, and left this their only child to the care of the ould man. They say she's a little touched in her upper-storry, and so they call her Mad Mona.'

"We called there many times after that, and more than once I observed Mona's eyes fixed upon Henley with a strange dreamy expression in their liquid depths.

"The sequel will show what terrible consequences sprang from this meeting."

CHAPTER II.

BLAIR'S DISCOVERY.

"It was our intention to give a pic-nic out in Brocklow, and I was deputed by my comrades to proceed thither and make all necessary arrangements with the owner of the farm on which it was to be held.

"I went down, in the afternoon, and having settled all satisfactorily, I set out, about nightfall, on my return. As I wished to get to town as early as possible, I resolved to take a shorter route than that by which I had come. I had never travelled the road before, but as it had been minutely described to me by the old farmer, I had little fear of losing my way. The path lay over a desolate-looking hill, and was rather a lonely one to travel, as there was not a single habitation to be met with between Brocklow and Ochlone.

"On gaining the summit of the hill, I found a long dreary waste stretching before me, and on either side of the road a vast morass, broken only by a long narrow belt of trees, tapering to a point till it touched the road, which, at this spot, turned off at an angle and was thus concealed from view.

"I had just turned this corner, when I caught sight of two persons coming slowly towards me. In the bright moonlight, I could see that one was a woman, and that her light hair fell down loosely over her shoulders. Her companion I knew to be a military man, by the glitter of the gold braid upon the uniform. As I drew near, they turned aside into a little winding path, but not before I had recognized the tall straight form and firm step of my friend Henley.

"I was pained and surprised by this discovery. Who could the woman be that would be found in that lonely place at such an hour!

"I suddenly thought of Lizzie Carthy! I remembered the long flowing tresses and the slight graceful figure, and then—the fact of her mother's living in Brocklow.

"But still it surprised me. Surely, Henley did not intend to marry her. If so, there were hard times in store for him, for he had nothing beyond his pay, though he expected to inherit considerable wealth at his father's death. Besides this, the old man came of a noble stock, and would never forgive his son were he to marry beneath him.

"On the other hand I could not believe that Henley was trifling with the girl, for he was not a man of that stamp. What did it mean? Had I been deceived in my friend? Such were the questions I asked myself as I hurried homewards, feeling altogether uncomfortable, and heartily wishing that the discoveries of that evening had never been made.

"On arriving at the barracks I found, as I expected, that Henley was out.

"'Did he say when he would be in?' I asked of Harry Blair, a fussy, talkative young ensign.

"'Well, he said he would take a run down town. But I wonder he stays so long,' he continued, 'when he knows we were to arrange about that pic-nic affair to-night. I think he might come and help us plan out the thing, seeing it was he that proposed our having it down at Brocklow.'

"'Do you know,' he suddenly exclaimed after a pause, 'I'm thinking that Henley is smitten. It was only the other night I——'

"He did not finish the sentence, for at that moment he was interrupted by the entrance of Henley himself, looking flushed and heated, as if by rapid walking. He gave me a searching glance on entering, which led me to think he might have recognized me on the Hill, but nothing was said upon the subject, nor did he or I revert to it afterwards.

"A few days later, while several of us were sitting at table, Blair, who usually spoke first and thought afterwards, turned suddenly towards Henley, exclaiming:

"'That was a magnificent girl you were walking with the other evening.'

"Henley appeared not to notice the remark till Blair repeated it, when he glanced up half angrily, saying in a lower tone, 'Another subject, if you please, Blair.'

"Our pic-nic was a success, and passed off pleasantly, as all such things should. There was one little circumstance, however, which I may mention. Towards evening we missed Henley, and could not think what had become of him. After the lapse of an hour or so, he made his appearance, and accounted for his long absence by saying that he had gone to explore the regions round about, and had lost his way. I should not have thought much of this, but for a remark of Blair's the next day.

"Rorke and I were sitting alone in the mess-room, when Blair sauntered in.

"'Captain,' he said, addressing Rorke, 'I'll bet you a brass farthing I know something that you don't know.'

"'Bedad, ye seem to take it for granted that our finances are dooced low, at any rate. How dare you come here talkin' to gentlemen about yer durty brass farrathins!' said Rorke, as though mortally offended.

"'But without joking,' returned Blair, 'I tell you I know something that neither of you knows.'

"'Faith, ye may know that same and still be far from a wise man. For instance, I know a thing or two that the Duke or O'Connell didn't know, but still I can't come up to them be a long run. However, if ye're going to say that ye've discovered a modicum o' common sense in Mr. Blair's composition, I'll give into ye at once, and say ye've made a most wondherful discovery, fur I'll be shot if there's one of us knows that.'

"'If you would only stop your chaffing and let a fellow say what he wants to,' grumbled Blair.

"'Arrah, blood-an'-ounds, can't ye say yer say without such a preamble. I misdoubt afther all now if 'tis such wondherful news, although be the looks o' ye, one 'ud think there was somethin' the matter with the Queen (God bless her) or that the French had landed. P'r'aps that's why ye don't like to tell us too suddenly;' and Rorke opened his eyes and put up his hands in affected alarm.

"'I'll tell you my discovery,' said Blair, turning to me, as though he had given up my companion in despair, 'I have found out who Henley's charmer is!'

"'Ah, then, be the piper,' exclaimed Rorke, earnestly, 'I hope ye haven't been spyin' afther Henley, or as sure as Patrick Murphy was an Irishman, ye'll be apt to get concussion of the brain.'

"'Who said anything about spying?' retorted Blair, 'let me tell you, Captain Rorke, I'm not given to playing the spy.'

"'Now, fair an' aisy, fair an' aisy, Mr. Blair, don't get on yer high horse. I take ye to be a dacent chap, but ye're young an' thoughtless. Yet ye should know what a mortal hatred Henley has to anything like pryin' into his affairs.'

"'There is no occasion for telling me that, Captain Rorke, for I say again I was neither prying nor spying, but when a thing comes before my eyes I am not going to shut them for fear of seeing it. But what I was going to say was that we saw Henley and Lizzie Carthy walking arm-in-arm down on Brocklow Hill.'

"Rorke looked at me and I looked at Rorke, but neither of us said anything.

"'Yes,' continued Blair, as though encouraged by our silence, 'it was the evening of the pic-nic. Bessie Moore and I went on Brocklow Hill to gather mosses. We had got to the farther edge, where the hill runs down into Macrone Marsh, when on looking over we saw Henley and Lizzie Carthy walking leisurely along, and apparently engaged in very earnest conversation;' and Blair concluded with a knowing smile and a poor attempt at a wink.

"'Listen to me, Blair,' said Rorke, speaking in serious tones, 'will ye allow me to give ye a bit of advice? Mind, 'tis for yer good. Be no manner o' manes do ye be talkin' o' what ye have seen, or what ye may see, or I'll be hanged (an' that's a nasty death) if ye don't get yerself into throuble.'

"'I thank you for your advice, captain,' replied Blair, turning to go, 'but I'm not a fool;' and he walked out with a majestic air.

"'Now, that last is an observation that I've heard made by almost every individual of my acquaintance, yet I know more than one man that's not particularly noted for wisdom. But what d'ye think of the lad's news, Wharton, what d'ye think of it at all, at all? Didn't Henley ever let on to ye about the girl?"

"'No, Rorke, never a word, yet somehow the affair makes me feel very uncomfortable.'

"'That's just how I feel to a T, Wharton,' he replied, 'but I feel a little riled too, for I think 'tis mighty quare o' Henley to keep the thing so close, seein' that I was so confidin' as to tell him every one o' me own love adventures. Didn't I give him the full particulars of how I was jilted by that little hussy Polly Burke, an' how I got into the scrape runnin' afther the heiress, an' how I was nigh bein' murthered by that big villain Mick Murphy, all on account o' me affection for his sister Peggy. Wisha, but 'tis mighty mane o' Henley! I don't doubt,' he continued, giving me a furtive glance which betrayed the anxiety he strove to conceal under his light manner—'I don't doubt but there's many a one would be bad enough to say he'd be afther thriflin' with the girl, but that's a dangerous game in these parts, for there'd be more than one hound on his track, an' no blame to 'em aither, in my opinion; and I think 'at both the Duke an' Dan O'Connell would agree with me in that same. But mind ye, I don't think such a thing of Henley. The idaya would be prepostherous;' and Rorke tried to look as if such a thought had never entered his mind.

"'So it would, Rorke,' I replied, emphatically.

"'Of coorse,' returned Rorke, apparently relieved by my answer.

"Here the bugle sounded for parade, which put an end to our conversation."

CHAPTER III.

WHAT WAS SEEN IN THE MOONLIGHT.

"The following day I started early in the morning to go on a shooting excursion. All my comrades appeared to have some engagement which prevented their accompanying me, so that I was obliged to set out alone.

"I proceeded to Brocklow, hired a small boat and two men, and set sail for Carrick Island, which lay about half a mile outside the entrance of Brocklow harbor.

"Not meeting with much success, I lingered later than usual, in hopes of adding something to the weight of my game-bag, so that it was near nightfall when I left the island.

"About an hour after we landed in Brocklow, and having refreshed myself with a wash and a cup of hot coffee, I began my long walk homewards.

"It was one of those calm, sultry nights, when all nature seems wrapped in slumber, and one feels oppressed by the death-like silence. The sky was without a cloud, and the full moon shone brightly, rendering surrounding objects almost as distinctly visible as though it were day.

"Feeling tired and heated after mounting a long steep hill, I lay down upon the summit to rest myself, taking off my cap to get the benefit of the faint breeze which just then sprang up.

"On looking out seaward I caught sight of the light on Folgar Point, and in order to get a better view of it, I took out my field-glass which hung at my belt.

"As I was lowering the glass, Brocklow Hill came within the field of vision, and I fancied I saw something move upon its summit. I looked through the glass again, and found I was not mistaken.

"Two figures I see moving slowly up Brocklow Hill—a man and a woman. I can make out that the man has on a high, conical-shaped hat, and that the woman has long, flowing, light-colored hair.

"Now they stand facing each other, and the man raises his hand as though to enforce something he is saying. Then the woman turns to walk from him, but with a quick forward movement, he seizes her by the arm! After a slight struggle, she escapes from his hold, and runs a few paces; but she is speedily overtaken, and once more he seizes her, but, this time, 'tis by the throat!

"Ah! There is murder in that grasp!

"Hard and desperately she struggles, for she seems to know it is life or death. For a moment, the moonlight shines full on the up-turned face, for the head is drawn back, as though the long loose tresses were in the murderer's grasp.

"Again the deadly wrestling is resumed, and, if possible, more fiercely than before. It seems as if she were making one last effort for life! How the slender form writhes and twists under the grip of those murderous hands! How they stagger and turn, and reel from side to side!

"But this cannot last long;—even now the struggle grows fainter! I can almost imagine I hear the panting gasp of the failing breath, and see that last despairing look for the helping hand that will never reach her! I seem to see her piteous glance at the wild fiery eyes, and to hear her faint wailing cry for mercy!

"But little hope is there of mercy! As well might the bleeding lamb expect mercy from the blood-thirsty wolf that drinks the life-stream from its veins!

"She seems now to have given up all hope, and lies passive in his hold. The cruel grasp is upon her throat, the head is forced backwards—farther and still farther, till at last, with a sudden wrench, she is thrown violently upon the ground!

"The glass trembles in my hand,—my weary eyes ache, but still I seem spell-bound, and feel as though I must not lose one iota of this fearful pantomime.

"Now I see him bend over the prostrate form! An arm is suddenly raised, something flashes in the moonlight, and then swiftly descends. Again that arm is raised; but I see nothing glitter now! Great Heaven! Can it be that her blood has dimmed the blade!

"Thrice is the blow repeated; then the murderer stands erect, and glances hurriedly around. Now, he looks down upon the spot where lies his victim, as though to make certain that his bloody work was surely done; then turns and glides swiftly away.

"I watched the dark form, as it hurries across the moor. Once I see it stoop, as though to pick up or lay down something; then it continues on, the same quick pace, till, finally, it disappears over the distant hill towards the sea.

"I now seem suddenly to awake, as from a kind of stupor; I look towards the spot, so lately the scene of that fearful struggle for life. How awfully still it is, now that the struggle is over! How dismal sounds that wild-bird's screech, which, to my excited ear, seems to shriek 'dead! dead!' There is a voice in the moaning wind which whispers 'murder!' while the very air seems thick with blood!

"Long hours seemed to have elapsed since I came upon the hill, yet in reality, the dreadful tragedy had occupied not many minutes. I knew I could have done nothing to prevent the deed of blood, for, between us ran a broad river, which could only be crossed by the bridge at Ochlone; and to reach the fatal spot by that way, would take fully an hour and a half. But I had work to do now, and there was no time to be lost, for every moment's delay aided the murderer's escape!

"At a rapid place I set out homewards. I shall never forget that moonlight journey, for I must confess that I could not help feeling somewhat 'nervous.' And yet I do not think I can be called a coward. I have seen hard work at Sebastopol, and know something of the horrors of Cawnpore. More than once I have had to fight for life, face to face with the big bearded Russian, and know what it is to be surrounded by a thousand dusky Sepoys, yelling, and thirsting for your blood; but I never felt so thoroughly uncomfortable as during that long walk.

"Our barracks was the first habitation I would meet on entering Ochlone, and I reached it without having seen anyone to whom to communicate the dreadful tidings of what had transpired.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT WAS FOUND ON THE HILL.

"I hurried up to Henley's room, and found him pacing up and down, with his slippers on, and looking as if something had annoyed him.

"Without any preface, I told him there had been a murder on Brocklow Hill, and asked him to come down with me.

"'A murder!' he exclaimed, as though doubting he had heard aright.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'a fearful murder! I sa I it all, Henley; but hurry and get ready, whilew call Rorke,' and I hastened away in search of the latter.

"I met the Colonel, as I was going out, and, on hearing what had occurred, he said he would send information to the authorities.

"By the time Rorke was ready, we were joined by Henley, and the three of us set out for Brocklow Hill.

"'I think you said you saw the murder, Wharton, how could that be?' asked Henley.

"I then narrated all that I had seen.

"'Arrah! 'tis a fareful thing—a fareful thing,' muttered Rorke, 'but are ye sure yer eyes didn't deceive ye? Ye know 'tis a long distance from where ye stood to Brocklow Hill, an' in the night-time too. Are ye certain 'twas murther, Wharton?'

"'Yes,' I replied. 'There was murder done on that hill to-night, Rorke. I saw it all quite plainly, the moon was shining brightly at the time, and my glass is a good one, so that I saw everything quite distinctly. Yes, 'tis only too true, Rorke, I saw the death-blow struck as plainly as I see you.'

"'But, Wharton,' said Henley, 'I walked over Brocklow Hill to-night, but neither saw nor heard anything of this.'

"I don't know why it was, but I felt a cold shiver run through me on hearing Henley say this; not that I thought for a moment that he knew anything of the horrible deed, but something seemed to tell me that evil would come of it.

"'What time of night was it, ye went up the hill, Henley?' inquired Rorke.

"'When I reached Brocklow Hill, it was a few minutes past nine,' he replied.

"'Didn't ye say, Wharton, that it was about nine, that the murtherin' faind was at work?'

"'I cannot be exact as to the time, Rorke, for I forgot to take my watch in the morning, but I judged it to be about that time, as it was near half-past eight when I left Brocklow. It must have been all over when Henley passed.'

"'Yes,' said Henley, musingly, 'for when I came back some time afterwards, all was still and quiet as before.'

"'I wish ye'd been on the hill a thrifle sooner, Henley, ye might have saved the poor crature, and given the blood-thirsty imp a mark to remember ye by, into the bargain,' said Rorke, quite fiercely.

"'Tis strange!' said Henley thoughtfully. 'I might have been on Brocklow Hill half an hour earlier; but on my way down, I met the Colonel and was obliged to go back with him on some business; but for this circumstance, I should have been on the hill fully half an hour sooner than I was.'

"By this time we had arrived at the foot of the hill leading up to Brocklow Ridge, and were now overtaken by the chief of police and several constables, who had come down in a waggon. They alighted here, and we all ascended the hill in company. To them I gave the particulars as previously narrated.

"After about ten minutes' rapid walking we came to where I judged the murder had been committed.

"For some time we searched in vain for any trace of the horrible deed. At length we were startled by a cry from one of the policemen, who was some paces in advance.

"'There's blood here, sir!' he exclaimed, 'there's blood here!'

"We hastened to the spot, and within the circle of light, thrown upon the ground from his lantern, we saw a pool of blood about a foot and a half in diameter.

"'Don't come too handy, gentlemen, if you please,' said Berkley, the chief of police, 'I should like to preserve these marks about here;' he alluded to some foot-prints, very distinctly impressed in the dark-colored, plastic clay that covered this part of the road.

"On each side, ran a shallow ditch, or drain about a foot in depth. Berkley proceeded to search one of these, while we took the other. He had gone but a short distance when we heard him call out that he had found the body. 'Will you be kind enough, gentlemen,' he added, 'to come up by the side of the road—the same way that I did?'

"As we drew near, he threw the light full upon the corpse, and it was a fearful spectacle that met our gaze. The look of despairing agony on the upturned face—the long golden curls covered with blood and clay—and the traces of the crimson stream that had flowed from her throat down over the breast—all this formed a picture too terrible to look upon.

"But the lurid glare of that lantern showed me something which shocked me more than this—something which caused me to stagger backwards—which seemed to still the beating of my heart, and freeze the blood in my veins! For though horribly contorted and changed, still I recognized in that pale, rigid face, the once beautiful features of Lizzie Carthy.

"My first thoughts were of Henley. It would not do to let him make such a sudden discovery. I turned round quickly, but was too late. He had caught sight of that face, and with a groan of mingled horror and grief, he reeled backwards, and would have fallen to the ground had not Rorke caught him in his arms.

"Chief Berkley heard the cry, and looked inquiringly at me.

"'My friend was acquainted with the lady,' I said, 'and the shock was too much for him.'

"'Tis a woful sight, sir, for any one,' returned Berkley. 'I don't wonder the gentleman should feel bad about it,' but as he spoke there was a strange look about his face that I did not like.

"With heavy hearts we turned our steps homewards that night. Poor Henley seemed quite stunned by the blow. Rorke and I were obliged to give him an arm to help him along, while all the time he kept muttering to himself like a man who talks in his sleep.

"'Dead—dead!' he moaned, in a dismally monotonous tone. 'Tis my fault too, Lizzie—my fault! Yet I thought to be in time. But the colonel's orders—you know I should obey the colonel. Oh, my poor darling! to think that you were being murdered and I not there to help you! Who could have the heart to lift his hand against you, Lizzie,—so good, so pure and innocent? Ah, that's the question? Who killed her, Rorke?' he exclaimed fiercely, and wrenching himself from our hold. 'Who killed my poor little Lizzie? What wretch could be so cruel as to shed her innocent blood? But there,' he moaned, relapsing into the old wailing tone, 'tis too late—too late. My poor Lizzie is murdered—she's dead—dead!' and the strong man's frame shook and trembled, while the low wail that escaped his lips told of the agony of his soul.

"The sight of Henley's grief appeared to affect Rorke deeply. How tenderly he supported the drooping head of our grief-stricken friend, gently putting back the hair from the forehead with the softness of a woman's touch! How anxiously he would glance at me at every fresh expression of Henley's grief, and then, shaking his head mournfully, wonder whether the Duke or O'Connell had ever seen such a woful sight!

"Truly Rorke was a real specimen of the warm-hearted Irishman!

"It was near midnight when we reached the barracks. We persuaded Henley to lie down, while Rorke and myself agreed to sit by him all night. We called in the doctor, who said he was a little feverish and administered a soothing draught. Soon after taking the medicine he fell into an uneasy slumber. He tossed restlessly to and fro, and kept up an almost incessant moaning, interspersed with indistinct mutterings relating to the murdered girl, and the horrible sight he had witnessed.

"This continued for a couple of hours; then he appeared to rest easier, and slept more quietly.

"It was near daybreak, and Rorke and I were sitting at the further end of the room. We had been talking over the sad events that had transpired within the past few hours, and trying in vain to find some clue to the mystery. We had been silent for the last ten minutes. The only sound that broke the profound stillness was the dull tramp of the distant sentry. The measured footfall seemed to strike dolefully on the ear, and I was wishing that Rorke would say something to break the painful silence, when I heard a slight stir in the direction of Henley's bed. On looking across I was startled to see him sitting up, with his eyes gazing fixedly into mine. The face was very pale, and wore an expression that might be called desperately calm.

"'Is any one there besides yourself, Wharton?' he asked, not seeing Rorke, for there was a curtain between them.

"The latter now came forward.

"'Is that you, Rorke?' asked Henley. 'Come near—come, Wharton. I wish to speak to you.'

"We both went up to the bedside.

"'I want to tell you, comrades, that I am going to find the murderer. I must discover who did the deed. I know,' he said, 'it is very weak of me to give way so. 'Tis not manly to show your grief, even though you saw the only one you ever loved lying dead and mangled before you. Yes, Rorke,' he added, bitterly, 'though you would have given a thousand lives to have shielded her from a moment's pain, yet you must be calm when you see her stretched cold and still before you, with the death agony on her dear face and the gashes of the murderer's knife in her throat—when you know that she will never call your name or clasp your hand again.'

"Henley's words seemed to cut Rorke to the heart, for in his simple kind-hearted way he had been exhorting Henley to 'be calm and bear it like a man.'

"He now walked sorrowfully away to the window.

"'Ye needn't be so hard on a fellow, Henley,' he said. 'I didn't mane to say anything to hurt ye. More than ten years now we've been together, an' ne'er a hard word between us, an' av me mother's only son can help it, there never will be. Do ye think I forget the time when I believed it was all over with Paddy Rorke—when he lay on the broad of his back an' a grinnin' Saypy's baynit within an inch of his throat—do ye think I forget whose arrum it was that sent the black naygur flyin' somersaults a dozen yards backwards. Don't ye think I remember who bound up me wounds with his own sash, and then carried me body an' bones out o' danger. Arrah, Henley,' he continued, 'ye ought to know Paddy Rorke better 'an that! Sure, all I said I thought I was sayin' for the best, fur I couldn't see ye carryin' on at such a rate an' keep me mouth shut be no manner o' manes!'

"'Forgive me, Rorke,' said Henley, 'forgive me. You're not the one to speak a cruel word. I have much to thank you for, comrades,'—here Rorke put up his hands in a deprecating manner—'I have much to thank you for,' continued Henley, 'and I shall never forget the kindness of you both; but 'tis hard to bear, Rorke, for she was all the world to me, and I loved her—oh, I loved her!' and the poor fellow bowed his head and covered his face with his hands, while heavy sobs shook his frame.

"Rorke bent over him almost overcome.

"'My dear boy,' he said beseechingly, 'do be ca—— I mane, rouse yerself, my dear fellow—try to bear up. Ye know we have wurruk to do. There's a villain alive that should be hanged.'

"'That's true,' replied Henley; 'I must help in that work.'

"'But ye'd bether try an' rest now till morning, an' then we'll see what we can do."

"'You know I cannot rest, Rorke,' he replied fretfully. 'Could you rest if you were situated as I am.'

"Rorke turned away in silence, for he could give no answer to this question.

"'I'll tell you what I intend to do,' resumed Henley; 'I shall go to the justice in the morning, and tell him all I think necessary concerning Lizzie and myself. You don't know,' he said suddenly, while a painful spasm shot across his face, 'you don't know that we were to have been married at the end of three months?'

"'Och! Praise be to goodness, ye don't say so!"

"I was too much surprised to say anything.

"'Yes,' Henley resumed, 'I shall then be my own master, and Lizzie was to have been my wife. But 'tis all changed now, Wharton,' he said, looking up into my face, and trying to smile—oh, such a pitiful smile!

"Rorke looked out from behind the curtain, shook his head mournfully, and muttered, 'Wurra, wurra.'

"'What's killing me,' continued Henley, 'is that I am partly to blame for her death. Listen,' he said, seeing I was about to speak, 'I persuaded her to promise to meet me on Brocklow Ridge about the time you say she was murdered. But I think she must have been there earlier than we agreed on, for when I myself got down it was only a few minutes past the time, although, as I have said, I had been delayed by having to go back with the colonel. But whether or not, it was all my fault—all my doing; and when I think of this, comrades, I feel what no tongue can express!'

"He had scarcely uttered these words when he grew deadly pale and fell back insensible.

"I went and called the doctor, who pronounced the case to be more serious than he had at first imagined.

"'He must have received a terrible shock,' he said gravely; 'and yet I always judged Henley to be a man of strong nerve. No doubt,' he continued, musingly, 'it must have been a horrible sight, but still I don't see why it should affect him to such an extent as this. 'Tis strange—very strange!'

"He then gave the necessary directions about the medicine, &c., saying as he turned to go that 'perfect rest and quiet were what he most needed.'

"He knew not how hard it was for that troubled spirit to find rest."

CHAPTER V.

A BIT AV A ROW!

"Notwithstanding our entreaties, Henley went out early in the morning, saw the justice, with whom he happened to be slightly acquainted, and told him of the relations which had existed between Lizzie Carthy and himself.

"That gentleman said he would use his utmost endeavors to bring the perpetrator of the crime to justice, and requested Henley to call in the evening, when he would let him know what progress they had made in that direction.

"The inquest was open all day, and adjourned at night to be resumed the following morning. Henley would insist on being present, though we tried hard to persuade him to the contrary. He appeared to be only half-conscious of what was taking place around him, and moved about like one in a dream.

"He was sadly changed. His face was ghastly pale, and his eyes looked fixed and stony. Years of trouble seemed to have passed over him since the preceding day.

"So the time passed till evening. Twilight came on as Rorke and myself were hurrying home from a distant part of the town. Our way lay up a long, narrow, unfrequented lane, and we had just traversed about half its length when a sound of strife fell upon our ears, mingled with cries of 'Give it to him! kill him! blood for blood!'

"Standing still for a moment to make certain from what direction the sounds came, we were startled by hearing a voice cry faintly 'Help here! Help!'

"Suddenly I beheld Rorke snatch his sword from its scabbard, and start off up the lane at full speed. As he ran, he half turned around, and bawled out 'Tis Henley be the piper!'

"I soon overtook Rorke, and after a minutes' swift running we reached the cross-roads at the head of the lane.

"On looking to the right, at no great distance, we could see a small body of men, whose oaths and angry cries told plainly that they were bent on mischief.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"WHO BREAKS, PAYS!"

BY M. W. S. G.

The time was evening—the pleasant close of a pleasant summer day; the place, the tastefully and even luxuriously furnished drawing-room of a pretty villa at Fulham; the actors, a magnificently handsome, athletic man of middle age, and a lady some fifteen years his junior—not handsome, it is true, but with a face that was full of power and expression, and whose mobile and changing interest won upon the heart of the beholder as mere soulless beauty has no power to do. She had had her triumphs, in spite of her lack of regular loveliness—this woman, with the sparkling face and the deep, bewildering gray eyes. Many a man had thrown his love and fortune at her feet, in the course of her successful career as an actress, against whose fair fame no word of scandal had ever been breathed. She had accepted no such offering, however, but had gone on her lonely yet triumphant way; and there were those who said that she knew not how to love.

They would have acknowledged their mistake could they have looked upon her on this evening, as she stood there in the twilight with those soft gray eyes resting upon the face of her companion with a look of passionate yearning and of passionate pain. For her time, though long delayed, had come at last. With all the force of her strong and fiery nature she loved this man, who alone, out of all the many with whom she had been on terms of friendly intimacy, loved her not.

"It is settled, then," she said, in a low tone. "We part. You leave me—and for her!"

"Nay, my dear Agatha," he began, in a soothing way.

"Hush!" she said imperatively. "Do not try to deceive me. I know all, Edward. I know that you are about to marry a pretty little schoolgirl, whose two attractions are her wax-doll beauty and her wealth. Beauty like that I could not have given you; but wealth and fame and love, such as your schoolgirl never even dreamed of, might have been yours with me. But you have chosen. I say no more. Farewell, Edward!"

Why could he not love this woman? She was young, famous, and wealthy. Above all, she loved him better than he had ever been loved before—far better than he would ever be loved again, if he married as he intended to do.

Oh, reader, that was just the reason. She loved him too well! Had she been indifferent, he would have been at her feet. "It spoils a man to marry him; it spoils a woman to love her!" says the old proverb. Change the noun and pronoun in the last clause of the sentence, and I, for one, will subscribe most heartily to its truth.

Agatha Beaumont's color rose high between the doubting, questioning glance those bright blue eyes were fixing on her face. With a woman's keen instinct she read her companion's thought, and resented it as only a proud and loving woman could do.

"Never mind discussing the question with yourself at this late day, Mr. Edward Poynings," she said, sarcastically. "Your fate and mine are fixed now. Once more—good-bye!"

"Why need it be good-bye, Agatha?" said Edward Poynings, in his lowest, deepest tone. Now that it had come to the actual farewell, he found that this woman had taken a stronger hold upon his life than he knew. "Why need it be good-bye, dear Agatha? Cannot we be friends still, even though——"

"Even though you give another woman the love I once hoped to win! Even though you come to me, for a few brief moments, when you grow tired of her pretty face and childish ways! Even though you leave me and go back to her, and leave me loving you, hating you, almost loathing you still!" she cried wildly.

"But, Agatha——"

"Take care!" she cried, with a dark glance. "You have broken my heart. 'Who breaks, pays!' Take care that no evil befalls you through all this; and that you may be safe from such, leave me in peace—now and for ever!"

She pressed his hand convulsively. She glanced through fast gathering tears, and for the last time, at the grandly beautiful face that had been so fatal to her. She half-lifted his hand, as if she would have raised it to her lips; but the next moment she dashed it aside, and with a proud toss of the head turned away, and left the room.

Thenceforth, whatever she might feel or suffer in secret, the rule of Edward Poynings over her life and love was, to all outward appearance, at an end.

Mr. Poynings married in due course of time, and returning home with his youthful bride, was just in time to witness the *début* of Agatha Beaumont in a new piece which had been written expressly for her.

Her success was a magnificent one. The whole house rose to greet her as she was led before the curtain after the last act. She was nearly smothered with bouquets. And the very next day one of the richest men in the metropolis offered her his hand and heart, and was refused.

All this Mr. Edward Poynings heard in silence.

She had seen him at the theatre; she had glanced at him in the very moment of her triumph, but only as she might have glanced at a stranger. He went home in a fever of remorse and jealousy, and wrote to her that night before he slept. No answer was vouchsafed to his letter, though he felt sure that she had read it. He called at the villa, and Agatha's confidential servant, who had admitted him for six months or more to the boudoir, now looked him coolly in the face, and said that her mistress was "engaged."

Six months went by, and he had never seen Agatha except in public. One evening she did not appear at the theatre, as usual. The manager, coming forward, announced that she was "indisposed," but soon hoped to greet her friends again. The same announcement was made for a week, and other pieces were put upon the stage. At the end of the week the whole theatrical world was in mourning over the news of Agatha's sudden death.

The physicians averred that she had died of disease of the heart, which had existed unsuspected for many years, and developed itself at the last with frightful and fatal rapidity. And one man, hearing this, smote his breast in secret, and called himself a murderer!—as indeed he was. They buried her in one of the shadiest and sunniest nooks of that shady and sunny cemetery where so many of our brightest stars repose. The whole world, literary and artistic, followed the coffin to its resting-place, and there were few dry eyes looking on as it was lowered into the grave.

Only one mourner was wanting in that funeral *cortége*. Edward Poynings had left town, with his young wife, the day after Agatha's death. Many remarked upon his absence. Some approved of it; some—and those the kinder hearted—openly condemned.

But none knew what I know—that at ten o'clock that night a stately figure knelt beside that new-made grave, and a face, handsome even in its sorrow and despair, was raised to the calm night sky, wet with tears that flowed, alas! too late.

"Agatha, my love, my darling!" moaned the trembling lips.

But the quiet sleeper beneath the sod was, for the first time, deaf and silent, and gave no answer to the once beloved voice.

"Who breaks, pays!" And Edward Poynings, amid all the splendor and luxury of his daily life, is a sad and lonely man. His heart—what there is of it—lies in the grave of the woman whom his coldness grieved and killed—the woman whose death alone had power to teach him that he loved her.

FASHIONABLE DECEPTIONS.

Life, viewed from before the footlights, is a very different thing to life regarded from behind the scenes. People, when they have on their company manners, their company clothes, and deliver themselves of their company sentiments are not at all like what they are when they are in their natural habiliments and speak freed from constraint. It is a remarkable and, at the same time, a significant fact as indicating the incomprehensibleness of human nature, that most persons are far more careful not to injure themselves in the estimation of mere acquaintances than in that of those whom they may reasonably be supposed to love the best in all the world. This is exemplified almost every day they live. In polite circles, however bitter may be the feelings of a husband and wife, they will address each other in tones of honeyed sweetness, and smile upon those by whom they are surrounded in as seraphic a manner as it is possible for mere mortals to attain. But for certain indications, apparent to the keen observer, one might be led to the conclusion that it would be impossible for clouds to gather on some beaming countenances and completely change their aspect. Even those who are most careless about their personal appearance as completely metamorphose themselves as possible when they imagine there is any likelihood of their being brought in contact with those whom they call friends, but of whom they know comparatively little. The ordinary small-talk of a drawing-room is illustrative in the same direction. Those who converse affect a knowledge of what they imagine is the correct thing for them to know, and profound ignorance regarding many of the realities of life, and upon which they are, or should be, well adapted to give an opinion. They discuss and profess great admiration for the works of authors which they have never read, they go into ecstasies over pictures which are to them little more than so much paint and canvass, they use hyperbolical language in reference to singers and musical performers when the fact is that high-class music is to them so much empty sound and nothing more. They would be ashamed to own that they know how to make a shirt or a pudding, or the precise process by which a leg of mutton is prepared for table. Their great fear seems to be that they shall be credited with ability to do anything that is useful; their great desire that they shall be deemed proficient in things that can by no stretch of the imagination be considered of practical utility. They appear to be continually haunted by the dread that they shall be considered vulgar; and so to escape this fate they sacrifice their own individuality and become mere reflexes of those who possess sufficient self-assertion and influence to lead the fashion. There is ever a constraint upon their words and actions; they are continually playing a part which is most irksome; they are always treading in the bewildering and painful paths of deceit.

Systematic deception is always evil, even when the end sought is a good one. But in the present instance not only the means but the object in view are alike bad. It is, perhaps, only natural that a lady should, upon a visitor being announced, hastily throw aside the French novel or sensational tale in which she is so greatly interested, and snatch up a volume of poetry in its place, and that she should not like to be discovered while she is engaged in the homely but useful occupation of knitting. It is no doubt much more satisfactory to be found trifling with an elegant piece of embroidery work than such common-looking articles of every day use as stockings. Nor is it to be wondered at that a woman, when she is unexpectedly called upon to receive guests, should make herself and her surroundings as presentable as possible, and pose herself in what she imagines to be her most striking and picturesque attitude. Of all such weaknesses as these a merciful view may well be taken. But the same feeling which prompts such acts induces others which are much more serious in their consequences. It is a common thing for a certain class of people to make it a point of appearing richer than they are. All their conversation, and most of their acts, tend to the same conclusion—that they are far removed above the common herd. They live in an atmosphere of ultra-refinement; they are beings of such extremely delicate organizations that they can do nothing of a plebeian character; they appear as if they would never dream that there are such things as dirt, and squalor, and misery in the world. They clothe themselves in fine raiment, and they make a point of implying that the main object of their life is to "kill time." They will lead you to the conclusion that they are ignorant concerning the domestic arrangements of their own houses, and that they are not much concerned therein. A peep behind the scenes, however, shows a very different state of things. It is discovered that these people have tongues which can wag very freely and make use of phrases more remarkable for their forcibleness than anything else. It transpires that they are very far from millionaires; that they have difficulties with such vulgar and matter-of-fact people as butchers, bakers, and the like; and that they have sometimes to indulge in transactions, in order to keep themselves afloat, the honesty of which is very questionable. Useless they too frequently are, both in public and private, but they do not always display that superlative refinement and delicacy of feeling which they so much affect before the world. Poetry is, at certain times, discarded for prose; the matter-of-fact takes the place of the ideal when they are left entirely to themselves. It is shown that their splendid homes are not all gold, but that there is a good deal of scantiness and shabbiness in them which is hidden from the gaze of guests by a flimsy veil of tinsel. It is a fact that there is generally much confusion, untidiness, and, if the truth must be told, occasionally considerable dirt in the mansions of these people who are too refined to do anything for themselves, or, indeed, to order things to be done. The wonder is that such folk, whose whole life is one of deception, are still very easily deceived themselves. Yet such is the case. They implicitly accept the outward semblance as the sign of the real substance. Display on the part of others is accepted as an indicative of their true position. The spirit of rivalry being engendered, people vie with each other frequently to such an extent that often some of the parties come to a premature breakdown.

All this is undoubtedly extremely foolish, if it is nothing worse. It is perfectly right that a host should put before a guest the best that he has; but men and women are little better than idiots in pretending that they eat off gold plates when the fact of the matter is that they dine from earthen platters. The unsatisfactory state of things indicated has its origin in the extent to which mammon is nowadays worshipped. Wealth, or reputed wealth, which is almost the same, is the universal passport. Naturally, then, men and women who have it not pretend otherwise, and go to the most extravagant lengths in carrying out their deceptions. Feeling the insecurity of their position, they leave no stone unturned which they imagine will place them above suspicion. They are very frequently engaged in an unequal contest. Of what use is it of people with an income of £500 per annum pitting themselves against persons with £1,000 a year? Which must in the end suffer most in such a trial? The fact is, however, that a large section of the middle class has set up before itself a false ideal of life, and it is in worshipping this ideal that they do damage to themselves, and, such is the contagion of example, to the world generally.—*Liberal Review.*

MR. CALCRAFT.

Mr. Calcraft, it seems, made quite a sensation at Dundee the other day, and was honored, on taking his seat in the railway carriage, as a person of high importance. The inhabitants of the enterprising Scottish town may be sorry to hear that their favorite is about to retire into private life. He has been for upwards of forty years engaged in the public administration of justice, has accumulated a comfortable independence, has lived to see some of his children grown up and married, and now being between 70 and 80 years of age he proposes—at least so it is said—to retire into private life and to devote himself to the cultivation of roses and tulips. It would be only reasonable to suppose that there must be something very exceptional in the circumstances which would induce a man to engage in such an occupation. With Mr. Calcraft this does not appear to have been the case. In the early part of his married life, he felt, as a great many other men have felt in a corresponding period of their career, that his income was a trifle too slender to be comfortably relied upon. In all probability he would not have thought of it by hanging his fellow-sinners but for the fact that he happened to be personally acquainted with his predecessor when he was about to relinquish the post. This was in 1820. Mr. Calcraft at that time was engaged in the proprietary management of an open-air *café* at the corner of Finsbury Square. This, perhaps, may have tended to engender a misanthropical turn of mind. Such, at any rate, must be the tendency of a calling which compels a man to turn out into the dreary streets before the early risers, and which is most lucrative when the world is most miserable. However this may be, it was while tending his stall that he bespoke the vacancy at Newgate, which he has filled ever since. "The old man came along one morning looking uncommon queer," said Mr. Calcraft, "and he said he thought he should be obliged to give up his berth. His health was very bad, and it was getting too much for him. 'Well,' I says, 'when you gives it up, I'll take to it,' I says, just like that." This appears practically to have settled the matter. A few days after he was sent for by the authorities, and was forthwith engaged. Men less happy in their matrimonial relations might have experienced considerable domestic opposition in this mode of getting on in the world. Mr. Calcraft met with no such discouragement. It affords a pleasing evidence of the entire unanimity subsisting between the newly appointed executioner and his spouse that the engagement met with cordial approbation, and on the first occasion on which his services were required they were duly rendered. "Who showed you how to do it?" he was asked in the course of a conversation with him. "Nobody," was the prompt reply. "You really had nothing in the way of instruction?" "Nothing at all." "And weren't you very nervous the first time?" "Not a bit." "But of course your first job upset you a little?" "Not a bit in the world. Why should it? I was only doing my duty, why should I feel upset?" Looking into the face of the veteran hangman, one cannot but admit that this is very possibly literally true. It is a stern, relentless face, indicative of the utmost possible firmness and resolution, and as it clouds a little with this last utterance, a stranger can hardly repress a shudder as he thinks of the wretches who have looked there and found only the inflexible rigidity of the law. One cannot but regard the man with curiosity; any betrayal of it, however, is to him altogether inexplicable. What in the world there is about him that people should feel any curiosity or interest with regard to him he is at a loss to comprehend. Very gently, you perhaps endeavor to explain that to people of less nerve and firmness of purpose, the duty devolving on the public executioner would be impossible. You, for instance, couldn't kill a man without—— "Kill a man!" breaks in Calcraft, with something like indignation gleaming through his gold-rimmed spectacles, "who kills a man? I never killed anybody." It is of course evident you have been somewhat unfortunate in your mode of expression, but you cannot help looking a little puzzled at this very unexpected denial. "I never killed anybody," he repeats. "They kill theirselves; it's their own weight as does it." This is a refinement of reasoning for which you are totally unprepared. You cannot exactly deny it, and for one or two reasons you are not altogether disposed to do so, but it does seem a little hard to bind a criminal hand and foot, and cover his face, tie a rope around his neck, knock away the stage beneath him, and then charge him with suicide. On the whole, however, it is a little exercise of sophistry for which one feels grateful. One cannot but think the better of the veteran executioner for the decided and no doubt the genuine repugnance with which he regards the imputation of having taken life, even in the fulfilment of the decrees of justice. A conversation with a Newgate executioner of forty years' standing is suggestive of untold horrors. From Mr. Calcraft, however, there are no horrors to be had. Very wisely, no doubt, he steadily refuses to recollect anything in the past. He keeps no records, he says, of any kind, and declares that as soon as he has done his duty, it goes from him, to use his own expression, like a puff of tobacco smoke. On the whole, Mr. Calcraft may be said to be a very creditable specimen of his craft. So long as his melancholy functions must be discharged, no one can discharge them better than he has done; while, as a very old resident in a modest street in Hoxton, he appears to have acquired the character of an upright and respectable man. In retiring from public life—if indeed this oft-repeated report is this time founded on fact—it is a pity that he cannot do so with entire satisfaction. He has long entertained a hope that he might have occasion to perform on a newspaper reporter, but has never yet been gratified. He retires, therefore, to some extent, a disappointed man. As an old servant of the public he seems to think it rather a wrong done to him that his cherished wish has not been gratified.—*Globe.*

NAMES FOR TEA.—Congou is simply a corruption of Kungfu, which signifies labor. Souchong means "Little Sprouts;" Pekoe, "White Down." The Wuhee Hills, on which Bohea is produced, give it its name. Oolung signifies "Black Dragon;" Hungnoey, "Red Plum;" Hyson, "Fair Spring;" and Twankay, "Beacon Brook." Young Hyson is called by the Chinese Yutseen, or "Before the Rains."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

REFLECTORS made of silvered mica are being used for locomotive lamps in the United States. They are said to be very efficient and economical.

To preserve albumen for photographic purposes, beat white of egg to a stiff froth, and set aside. After some time the albumen becomes dry and hard. For use it is rubbed down with a little water, and strained.

SHREDS of Campeachy logwood and fustic, blended together and moistened with syrup, have been offered in the America market for "German saffron." The price of saffron has latey risen, and this has given rise to the fraud.

PLANTS AS WEATHER GUIDES.—A Prussian horticulturist has made some interesting observations which tend to show the usefulness of certain plants as weather guides. Thus he finds that the different varieties of clover contract their leaves on the approach of rain. When the leaves of chickweed unfold, and its flowers remain erect till mid-day, fair weather is at hand; but the closing of the flowers of the wood anemone indicates that rain is imminent.

GLASS FLOWER STAKES.—"Window gardeners," writes a correspondent of a gardening contemporary, "may perhaps be glad of the following hint. Slender glass tubes, such as are used for chemical purposes, and which can be readily procured at most chemists' shops, make very pretty transparent stakes for pot flowers. They are also inexpensive; I pay sixpence for a length between four and five feet long, and I have no doubt they can be had for less. The tubes can be readily broken at the length required by previously filing them round.

A DURABLE PASTE.—Four parts, by weight, of glue are allowed to soften in fifteen parts of cold water for some hours, and are then moderately heated till the solution becomes clear. Sixty-five parts of boiling water are now added, with stirring. In another vessel thirty parts of starch paste are stirred up with twenty parts of cold water, so that a thin milky fluid is obtained without lumps. Into this the boiling glue solution is poured, with constant stirring, and the whole kept at a boiling temperature. After cooling, ten drops of carbolic acid are added to the paste. This paste is of extraordinary adhesive power, and may be used for leather, paper, or cardboard with great success. It must be preserved in closed bottles, and will keep for years.

NEW SAFETY-APPARATUS FOR MINERS.—Captain Denarouze (says the *Athneum* has been recently exhibiting in the Catacombs of Paris the effects of his safety-apparatus for preserving life in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, or in an explosive mixture of fire-damp and air. A miner carries on his back a knapsack which contains a supply of pure air; from this a tube is conveyed to the mouth, and the nostrils are closed by a spring; the same vessel is connected with a bright lamp fastened to the miner's chest. Both the man and his light are perfectly independent of the atmosphere in which he works. The knapsack being connected by a tube with a large reservoir of air, existence and light can be maintainted for a long period in an asphyxiating or an explosive gas. Captain Denarouze proposes to use his apparatus for diving purpose also.

FAMILY MATTERS.

ESSENCE OF ROSES.—Mix three drachms of otto of roses, with two pints of alcohol.

ESSENCE of bitter almonds is made by adding one part of oil of bitter almonds to seven parts of rectified spirits of wine.

VEGETABLES.—Vegetables should never be cooked in iron pots unless the latter are enameled or otherwise coated internally.

CREAKING BOOTS.—Stand the boots in salt and water for four-and-twenty hours. When dry it will be found that the creaking will be done away with.

CREAM CHEESE.—Take four quarts of new milk, and one quart of cream, together with one pound of almonds beaten up, half an ounce of powdered cinnamon, and one pound of loaf sugar. Curdle the milk by the addition of some rennet, and having drained away the whey, compress the curd into a solid mass.

SALAD DRESSING.—Salads are acceptable and useful in spring. Some like them served with a mixture of sugar and vinegar. The regular salad dressing is made with the yolks of three or four hard-boiled eggs mashed smooth with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and vinegar added to taste—mixed with the lettuce just as it goes to table.

CREAM CAKES.—Put one cup of water and one cup of butter on the stove to boil; when boiling stir in two cups of flour, and when cool add five well-beaten eggs; drop this on your baking-tin, one spoonful in a place, and rub each over with the white of an egg. Bake in a hot oven. For the cream, boil one pint of milk, and when boiling stir in two eggs, one cup of sugar and one half cup of flour beaten together, with a little cold milk, and let it boil till sufficiently thick. Flavor with lemon.

ACCIDENTS TO THE EAR.—In case of very small insects getting into the outer ear, the drum-head will prevent the progress of the intruder, which may be killed or dislodged with ease by means of a few drops of oil. The insect called the earwig is not more likely than any other insect to enter the ear. If a child put a seed, a little pebble, or any other small body of that nature, into the ear, it may often be extracted by syringing the passage strongly with lukewarm water for some time, but the operation should always be performed by a medical man.

AMBER PUDDING.—Three eggs; their weight in sugar, butter, and flour; juice of one or two lemons; piece of one, grated. Work the butter with your hand till like cream, then add the flour, sugar, and beaten eggs by degrees, then the juice of one or two lemons, with the peel grated. Butter a mould thickly, and when the ingredients are well mixed, pour it in, taking care that the mould is quite full. Butter a piece of white paper, cover it over the top, tie it well over with a cloth, and put it into a saucepan of fast-boiling water. Time—three hours to boil.

SWEET PICKLE OF MELON (to serve with roast meat).—Take, within three or four days of their being fully ripe, one or two well-flavored melons; just pare off the outer rind, clear them from the seeds, and cut them into slices of about half an inch thick; lay them into good vinegar, and let them remain in it for ten days; then cover them with cold fresh vinegar, and simmer them very gently until they are tender. Lift them on to a sieve reversed, to drain, and when they are quite cold stick a couple of cloves into each slice, lay them into a jar (a glass one, if at hand), and cover them well with cold syrup, made with ten ounces of sugar to a pint of water, boiled quickly together for twenty minutes. In about a week take them from the syrup, let it drain from them a little; then put them into the jars in which they are to be stored, and cover them again thoroughly with good vinegar, which has been boiled for an instant, and left to become quite cold before it is added to them.

PUDDINGS FOR INVALIDS.—Custard fritters.—Boil half a pint of milk with cinnamon, lemon, and bay leaves; add two ounces of sugar, one ounce of flour, a little salt, and three eggs; beat all together, and steam this custard in a plain mould or basin, previously spread inside with butter; when done firm and quite cold, cut into square pieces and dip into frying batter; drop separately in boiling fat, fry a light brown color, and dish them up on a napkin. Eve Pudding.—Six ounces of finely grated bread, six ounces of currants, six ounces of sugar, six eggs, six apples, some lemon peel and nutmeg; let it boil three hours. Lemon Pudding.—Weight of two eggs in butter, which beat to a cream, same weight of flour, same of pounded white sugar, the grated rind and juice of two lemons; bake half an hour in a small flat pie dish, with a rim of paste round the edge; serve with sifted sugar on the top, and send up very hot. Aunt Nellie's Pudding.—Half a pound of best beef suet, half a pound of grated bread crumbs, half a pound of beaten white sugar, three eggs, well beaten and strained, the grated rind and juice of a large lemon; stick a mould with raisins, pour in the mixture, boil two hours.—*The Queen.*

GOLDEN GRAINS.

NOTHING in the universe is independent.

THE watchers are the first to note the dawn.

THE world does not go far wrong when men sleep.

A GOOD wife is the glory and joy of a good husband.

WE open the hearts of others when we open our own.

HOW poor are they who have neither patience nor hope.

NEVER put implicit faith in a man who has once deceived you.

HAZE frequently lends importance to very insignificant objects.

THOUGHT.—There is too much talk, too much work, too little thought.

THERE is no greater punishment than that of being abandoned to one's self.

WHAT matters it if one has not gold in his purse, if he has it in his heart?

FORGIVENESS.—Try what forgiveness will do before you resort to punishment.

BY suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering.

NEVER show that you suspect, nor accuse till you have found that your suspicion was well founded.

REASON.—We do not altogether like the clearness of reason, notwithstanding our professions to the contrary.

HE that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

HE who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless.

RIGHT EDUCATION.—Look to education; take care that it be of the right kind, and you need have no misgivings about the future.

WHOEVER would oblige himself to tell all that he has done would oblige himself to do nothing that he would be anxious to conceal.

LOVE is a science rather than a sentiment. It is taught and learned. One is never master of it at the first step, whatever the romancists may say.

BOASTING seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds they do not often do so by words.

AS every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses—as Nero did—with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.

HE seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to-day on the profits of to-morrow.

CULTIVATION.—Cultivate the mind and heart; the manners will take care of themselves. Be natural. Enrich and care for the soil; the flower that springs from the germ implanted there will be sweet and lovely, brightening with its beauty the arid wastes of life.

VIRTUE.—We all have our ideas of justice, integrity, purity, benevolence, and we cannot estimate their value to us. We may and do fall far short of them in actual life, but we can never go beyond them, for every new ascent in virtue shows fresh heights to be gained.

HAPPINESS is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor need we go out of ourselves, nor into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from heaven, at our very doors, or rather within them.

BAD TEMPER.—There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume. Ill-temper at any age is a bad thing; it never does anybody any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it. After the passion has passed away, one sees that he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it too.

INNOCENCE AND VIRTUE.—Innocenee is not virtue, and those who fancy that it is make a fatal mistake. Innocence is simply ignorance of evil; virtue knows it, appreciates it, rejects it. Infancy is lovely in its innocence, but life, with its stern realities, demands the strong, ripened rigor of manly virtue to resist its evil, to protect its good, to build up character, and to bless the world.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Japanese have decided to call six days of their new week Light, Moon, Fire, Water, Metal, and Earth.

A LITERARY gentleman who has travelled over the whole world says that the ladies of the Royal Family of Russia cannot be matched for personal beauty.

THE number of theatres in Russia is 142, mostly of wood. This gives only one for every twenty towns. Some of the seats of Government are without theatres.

A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—Miss Hedley, 81 years of age, who has been an inmate of Oakham Workhouse, Rutland, for 16 years, has come into possession of £7,000, and may succeed to £14,000 more. She was the daughter of a surgeon formerly practising at Oakham.

INDIA-RUBBER.—The belt of land 500 miles north and 500 miles south of the equator, abounds in trees producing india-rubber. These trees, we are told, stand so closely together that a man may tap eighty in a day, the daily average yield of each being three tablespoonfuls. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country a mile long by eight wide. There are in Europe and America more than 150 manufactories of india-rubber articles, employing 500 operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of gum a year, and yet the business is considered to be in its infancy.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A CLEAN SWEEP—A well-washed one.

CAN a pretty woman be a plain cook?

BARBER'S MOTTO.—There's nothing like lather.

A DOMESTIC broil makes an unsatisfactory meal.

DO ladies ever call their riding trousers saddle-bags?

THE note of gas company are usually all set to the same metre.

THE THREE GAUGES OF RAILWAYS.—Narrow gauge, broad gauge, and mortgage.

TO THOSE INTERESTED.—For Mrs. Partington's last, inquire of her shoemaker.

ONE of the most successful of burglars is light; it is always breaking in on somebody.

CAN a son be said to take after his father, when the father leaves nothing to take?

A PARTY hearing of "a dog after Landseer," wanted to know what he was after him for.

WHAT is it that one must take without hands, unless he is too stupid to take it at all?—A hint.

WHY ought the clergy to be done away with as an unnecessary class of men?—Because they are the surplice population.

NO objection can possibly be made to receiving an epileptic patient at a hospital, because he is in a fit state of health.

"DON'T worry yourself about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder."—"Of somebody else," added the darling.

THE marriage ceremony among the bushmen of Australia is very simple, and don't cost a penny. The man selects his lady-love, knocks her down with a club, and drags her to his camp.

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—I will and bequeath to my beloved wife, Bridget, all my property without reserve; and to my eldest son, Patrick, one half of the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If there is anything left, it may go to Terence McCarthy.

THERE is a difficulty in finding a jury when an Indian comes before an Omaha court. One of a panel, being asked if he had any prejudice, replied, "No; only I've been chased by 'em, been in several battles with 'em, and would hang every man-jack of 'em at sight if I could."

IN THE CLOUDS.—A little boy six years old and a little girl eight were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed: "Oh, Minnie, I see a dog in the clouds." "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky terrier."

AN Ohio man who passed round a plate at a religious meeting for contributions for the heathen, and then pocketed the money, has been acquitted of stealing by a jury of the neighborhood on the ground that he was the greatest heathen they knew, and therefore entitled to the money.

A LITTLE romance about Ben Wade's daughter and her "tall young carpenter" will have to be given up. Ben says that to begin with he made no objections to their marriage; in the second place that his daughter never was engaged to the carpenter in question, and thirdly that he never had a daughter.

OUR PUZZLER.

83. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Primals and finals downwards read,
The centrals also;
That done, I think you will concede,
Three male names they show.

1. To irritate, enrage, excite.
2. A Spanish town I bring to light.
3. O'er France this family held sway.
4. 'Tis often lovers run away.
5. Small murmuring brooks, you will agree.
6. Sceptre of Neptune, god of the sea. T. L.

84. THE NAMES OF POETS, ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A grace in music, and a weapon used by warlike nations.
2. The opposite of moist, and a place for animals.
3. A metal.
4. One-half of a tea, and to sorrow.
5. Brilliant costume.
6. A place the profane never visit, and the reverse of well.

85. SQUARE WORDS.

1. Means bitter; existing; a volume of water; to keep off; an English county.
2. A bird; existing; faults; consequence; habitations.
3. A country in Europe; a woman's name; large lake in Switzerland; an animal; is found by the sea-shore.

86. ENIGMA.

How pleasing in summer, then nature is gay,
To roam through the woods in the early morn;
When each songster, to welcome the dawning of day,
Is carolling forth its tribute of song,
In such peaceful spots I may always be seen,—
Various kinds, various sizes and shapes, too, I ween;
Though a resident here, I may also be found,
Where hurry and bustle always abound.
To King's Cross, then, please go. See, the porters rush forth.
What causes the stir? 'Tis the mail from the north!
Here I am again, and though strange it may sound,
Though thoroughly harmless, I'm frequently bound. NORTHUMBRIAN.

ANSWERS.

70.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Shakspere, Lord Byron.—1. SamueL. 2. HerO. 3. AlexandeR. 4. KiD. 5. SennacheriB. 6. PeonY. 7. EstheR. 8. RomeO. 9. EdeN.

71.—ANAGRAMS.—1. William Ewart Gladstone. 2. Dr. David Livingstone. 3. Sir Isaac Newton. 4. Sir Charles Eastlake. 5. George Frederic Handel. 6. Captain William Harrison. 7. Isambard Kingdon Brunel. 8. Sir Robert Stephenson.

72.—SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.	3.
HECLA	HOMER	DREAM
ERRED	OLIVE	REVNA (raven)
CREED	MILES	EVENT
LEEVE(levee)	EVENT	ANNIE
ADDER	RESTS	MATES

73.—LOGOGRIPH.—Pearl, earl, ear, war, wan, pan, pin, pun.

THE DYING STREET ARAB.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

I knows what you mean, I'm a-dyin'—
  Well, I aint no worse nor the rest;
Taint them as does nothin' but prayin',
  I reckons, as is the best.

aint had no father nor mother
  A-tellin' me wrong from the right;
The streets aint the place—is it, parson?—
  For sayin' your prayers of a night!

I never knowed who was my father,
  And mother she died long ago;
The folks here they brought me up somehows—
  It aint much they've teached me, I know

Yet I thinks they'll be sorry and miss me,
  When took right away from this here,
or sometimes I catches them slyly
  A-wipin' away of a tear.

And they says as they hopes I'll get better
  I can't be no worse when I'm dead;
I aint had so jolly a time i't—
  A-dyin' by inches for ead.

I've stood in them streets precious often,
  When the wet's been a-pourin' down,
And I aint had so much as a mouthful,
  Nor never so much as a brown.

I've looked in them shops with the winders
  Chokefull of what's tidy to eat,
And I've heard gents a-larfin' and talkin',
  While I drops like a dorg at their feet.

But it's kind on you, sir, to sit by me;
  I aint now afeerd o' your face;
And I hopes, if it's true as you tells me,
  We'll meet in that tother place.

I hopes as you'll come when it's over,
  And talk to them here in the court;
They'll mind what you says, you're a parson;
  There won't be no larkin' nor sport.

You'll tell them as how I died happy,
  And hopin' to see them again;
That I'm gone to that land where the weary
  Is freed of his trouble and pain.

Now, open that book as you give me—
  I feel as it never tells lies—
And read me them words—you know, guv'nor—
  As is good for a chap when he dies.

There, give me your hand, sir, and thank'ee
  For the good as you've done a poor lad;
Who knows, had they teached me some better,
  I mightn't have growed up so bad?

CURIOUS CRIMINALS.

On the 6th of December last a young man of talents and education was guillotined in the public square of Caen, France, in the presence of a great multitude of people. He was a "fire-bug," and during the two or three months preceding his capture had lit the skies of all Normandy with the light of burning villas, farm-houses, hay-ricks and barns. There was nothing in his character or position to attach suspicion to him. He was an assistant teller in the Caen branch of the bank of France, and was noted for the decorum and blamelessness of his life. An intrigue with a stock-jobber, the pivot of which was that he (the teller) should communicate confidentially to the jobber information which his position in the bank enabled him to acquire, and share the profit of stock speculations founded thereon, led ultimately to a quarrel. After the quarrel the young man took five glasses of absinthe, and when night came on he set fire to the stock jobber's villa, destroying it and all its contents, including the wife and infant child of the occupant. Although on the following day, when told of the occurrence, he manifested more emotion than a Frenchman usually exhibits when his neighbor's house and wife burn up—he was no more suspected of having occasioned it than the Emperor or Bishop Dupanloup. From this time forward an irresistible incendiary mania possessed him. He resigned his position at the bank on a plea of ill health, and set off on a journey through Normandy, leaving the night-skies behind him red with the glare of the flames he had secretly kindled. Nobody suspected him. He was an invalid banker, pale, interesting, well-attired, with plenty of money, and irreproachable credentials. One night a farm laborer, sitting at a rear window of a farm-house making love to one of the maids, saw a flicker of fire at the foot of one of the straw ricks. He was courting economically in the dark, and this strange flash, darting mysteriously out of the night, made his girl scream and his personal shock of hair stand up like an electrified mop. But he rushed out courageously, and caught a man whom he proceeded to pound with much energy and constancy, at the same time raising an alarm of fire. His furious bellowings immediately assembled all the inmates of the farm-house and the neighbors. They found their captive to be a well-dressed person, with his pockets full of patent matches and divers ingenious and mysterious appliances for exciting combustion. When taken before the mayor of the neighboring village the "fire-bug" immediately made a frank and full confession, and the sequel thereof was, as we have related, his execution in the market-place of Caen amid the curses and execrations of the citizens. He had destroyed twenty-one houses and fourteen lives.

Doctors and lawyers, as well as newspaper readers, are familiar with many phrases and manifestations of monomania, but it is not often that so striking a sample of the motiveless and irrational "fire-bug" is offered to their inspection. The destructive mania of, for instance, a Brinvilliers, does not altogether exclude the idea of sanity. It is true that the memorable woman poisoned the sick patients in the hospital, which she attended in the guise of a charitable religious devotee, against whom she could have no enmity. But she wanted to poison her father, who had locked up her lover in the Bastile; and she was anxious before commencing this filial work, to test with precision the strength and operation of the poisons. She destroyed her brother and sister, but the motive of this was not obscure. She wanted their patrimonies. She tried also to destroy her husband, but this is easily explained by the rational aversion which every French woman bears to her lord. She poisoned a large family, with whom her acquaintance was not sufficiently intimate to justify such a liberty, because of her tender sympathy with a daughter of that family who was shut up in a convent, and, as she deemed, oppressed by her kindred. In all these acts, and others innumerable committed by this historic woman, some ghost of a motive may be traced. It was not a purposeless impulse of destruction which impelled her. Nor were the procedures of Mrs. Lydia Sherman incompatible with such soundness of understanding as may be held to create responsibility. She poisoned a large number of husbands, some neighbors, and a few children. Motives of hatred, revenge, cupidity, or a desire to be released from annoying associations or domestic care, may have wrought with her narrow and darkened understanding, and rescued her crimes from the list of those which are merely purposeless.

Cases of this sort, when a possible though inadequate motive may be assigned for a criminal act, present to the legal mind comparatively little difficulty. The responsibility of the actor is clear. But there are other aspects and manifestations of monomania, which, without involving all the conditions of insanity, seem out of the category of crime, and deserve to be treated as phenomena of such mental disease that its victim is not morally responsible. Some of these manifestations are destructive, some merely impulsive and irrational, some grotesque and ridiculous.

In Williamsburg, a year ago, a boy was captured, who had for months lain in wait in lonely places in the streets, rushed forth upon passing girls or women, and inflicted stabs upon them with a penknife or some other pointed instrument. He could give no account of his demoniac possession. He wept on the policeman who captured him with such copiousness as to seriously dampen that official, and was contrite and remorseful beyond his years.

A similar case came to light a few months ago in Boston, in which a youth was likewise the agent, though his victims were boys instead of girls. Nothing in his lineage, education, or previous habits, afforded an explanation of this strange propensity.

It is only a few years since that a middle-aged man was arrested in a neighboring city, and sent to jail, for stealing ladies' slippers and gaiters. He invariably took them from the feet of the wearers. He would dart upon a lady as she walked along the street, tear off her shoe, and disappear as rapidly as possible. He "worked" the street cars and omnibuses regularly, and once took a slipper off a bride at the church door. So great was his skill in timing his depredations, and so instant his retreat, that he long escaped arrest. He was finally taken, and his apartments were found to be crowded with female shoes. They were of all sorts, from the dainty little slipper to the most fashionable bootee. The man was a respectable person, and among his immediate neighbors bore the repute of being a quiet, worthy citizen. He could not tell what impelled him to these fantastic acts of spoliation. It was an irresistible impulse, and in ridiculousness and fatuity was about on a level with the propensity of a well known London surgeon who had a fancy for cutting the table-cloth in two, in every house to which he was summoned. He kept a lancet for that especial purpose, and in the course of an extended professional career probably destroyed more drapery than any other practitioner in Great Britain.

These morbid tendencies and phenomena are obviously salient points of a great breadth and depth of mental disease. When aberrations are slight and solitary, when a person seems sane in all except some trivial particular, it may be that the inconsiderable intellectual flaw does not seriously impair the general integrity of the mind. It is a subject on which the legal and the medical doctors are by no means as one.

Hoffoauer and Esquirol and Poville, Brown, Sequard and Hammond, would doubtless deem a certain mental condition to exclude responsibility, while Sir Samuel Romilly, or Sir Alexander Cockburn, or Greenleaf would hold precisely the opposite view. The best judgment of the best medical authorities now is, that these conditions take their rise in marked organic changes of the nervous system, such as are traceable in epilepsy or melancholia. The mania of vanity, of fear, of ambition, of superstition, of homicide, of any sort of wanton and causeless destruction existing in minds which betray no other evidence of unsoundness, may yet be traced to distinct and accurately ascertained lesions of the brain. Much has already been done in this direction, but much remains to do. It is neither humane nor intelligent to punish disease as if it were felony, and at the same time society has a right to be permanently protected from the dangerous and plausible lunatic, as well as from the sane and sapient criminal.

"THE DYING STREET ARAB."

THE NAMING OF CHILDREN.

One of the most common, foolish, and mischievous habits is that of naming babies after historic characters, or persons who have achieved contemporaneous distinction. The smaller the chance the children have of ever achieving any resemblance to those with whose title they are crushed from the first, the greater the likelihood of the bestowal of such titles. A narrow and ignorant man, living in some rural and semi-civilized region, is more inclined to call his boy, born under every disadvantage of circumstances, after some celebrated poet or scholar, than a wealthy and cultivated citizen would be on whom fatherhood had fallen. A woman to whom fate has been unkind, whom poverty and toil have vulgarized, blindly reaches out toward the ideal by stamping her graceless and commonplace daughter with some name acquired from a popular romance. It may be said that fair names may exercise a favorable influence, and serve as models and patterns for the namesake. So they may, if there be any similarity or concord between the two, but when there is not, when the two natures are opposite, perchance antagonistic, the heavy capital overweights and weakens the column. Names, to be beneficial and inspiring to their bearers, must either find or beget corresponding tendencies.

The injury William Shakspeare, John Milton, George Washington, Daniel Webster, and a hundred others have done at the baptismal font can never be reckoned. It is doubtful which would have been better, they should not have been born, or that the nominal wearers of their honors should not have been.

I am sure hundreds—nay, thousands—of promising and naturally clever boys have been spoiled by indiscretion of nomenclature. How can a sensitive and competent youth, with an ardent proclivity to and many inclinations for literature, obey the bent of his inclination when everybody is aware that he is William Shakspeare Jones, or Smith, or Brown, or anything else? He inevitably shrinks from comparison, dreading lest his efforts, creditable as they may promise to be, should be made contemptible thereby. Can a healthy, impulsive, warm-blooded lad, with George Washington thrust upon him, be expected to accomplish anything, knowing as he must, that George Washington has always been portrayed as the most unnaturally perfect and momentous of mortals? Who shall say how many retiring, cloistered natures have been embittered by discovering in their first thinking years how ridiculous their parents had made them by styling them Napoleon Bonaparte? Of course, they wrote their initials, and then were perpetually mortified to hear themselves called Nota Beno Wiggins or Take Notice Simpson. Boys bubbling over with animal spirits, and found of adventure, have doubtless been driven to vicious extremes by having John Calvin or John Knox tacked to their patronymics. The entire law of their being prevents them from imitating those ascetic theologians, and so they deliberately become profligate from contradiction and from a vague sense of the wrong that has been put upon them. I have known Melancthons and Wilberforces to be thieves, and Solomons and Solons to be circus clowns; and I make no questions but the former went in disgust to the opposite extreme, or that the latter were resolved to caricature the ancient sages by becoming the melancholy fools.

How They do It.—The following conversation between two clever lawyers was overheard:—"How does your client like it?"—"Not over much; begins to complain of the expense."—"Mine is all right, bound to fight it out. Can we manage to get the jury to disagree again?"—"Don't know; we must work for it."—"You get beat, of course, in the end; but you'll appeal, of course?"—"Of course."

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